

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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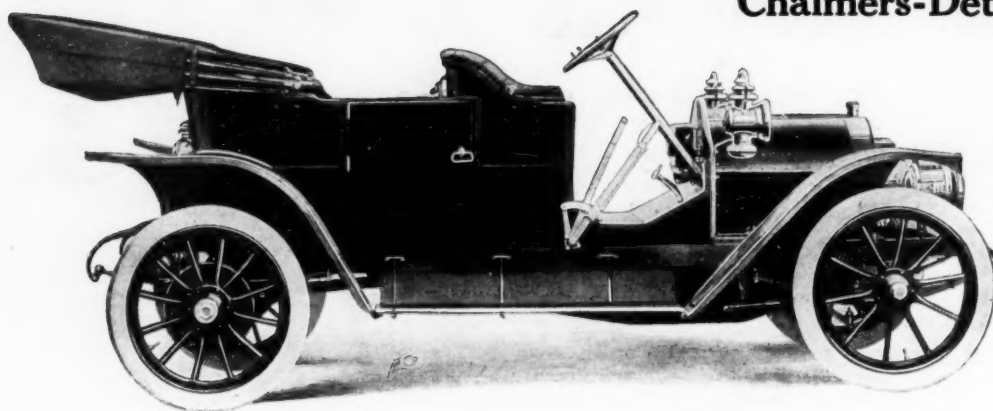
MAY 29, 1909

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ALONZO KIMBALL

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



Chalmers-Detroit "30"—\$1500

*Made in
Touring Car,
Tourabout and
Roadster*

Ten Points of Superiority Worth \$100 Each

There are ten points in which the Chalmers-Detroit "30" excels any other car of its class.

Each point is worth \$100 to an owner, taken in comparison with any other car. There are more than ten in which the Chalmers "30" excels most all cars you might naturally compare with it. But there are these ten points in which it is superior to *any* car—to all cars—which seem, by grace of price, to be in the same class.

Take any car you will at near \$1,500 and compare it point by point on each of the following points, with the Chalmers "30." That is all we ask.

1.—The Axles

The Chalmers-Detroit "30" has the full floating type rear axle—the latest design employed on the costliest cars.

That means easy riding, less weight, less wear on tires, less strain, less damage from sudden shocks.

The front axle is a single piece I-beam, drop-forged. It is not forged in two parts, not welded. This means maximum strength.

2.—Lubrication

We use the constant level splash system for lubrication—devised by Mr. Coffin. It has proved wonderfully successful for two years on our "Forty." You can know it by the single sight feed on the dash.

Because of this premier oiling system, our "30" shows a noteworthy absence of grease cups on the motor. Other low-priced cars have a wealth of them and they are a bothersome means of lubrication.

Grease cups need constant attention, daily filling, hourly adjusting. Otherwise the melting grease leaves the bearing dry.

3.—Cooling

The four cylinders in the Chalmers-Detroit "30" are cast en bloc. So in nearly all foreign cars of 30 H. P. or less. So in some of the costliest American.

The cooling water is all in one body, all of one temperature. No pre-ignition because one cylinder overheats.

These cast-together cylinders give us perfect alignment, and a short motor, allowing extra room in the tonneau.

4.—One-Pedal Control

In our "30" alone you get the one-pedal control. Push the pedal part way and it releases the clutch. Push it harder and you set the service brake. You have no two

pedals to think of. You don't get mixed up. And you don't have to keep both feet ready for action. Just the thing for a light car and particularly good for a woman to drive.

5.—Steering Connections

Safety requires, above all, unbreakable steering connections. A break means an accident usually.

The steering connections on the Chalmers-Detroit "30" are all drop-forged. They are just as large as any used on heavy, high-priced cars. Compare them with the connections on other low-priced cars, and note how small others are and inadequate.

6.—Ball Bearings

There is no other car in America, regardless of price, which has so many high quality annular ball bearings as the Chalmers-Detroit "30."

Annular ball bearings do not require adjusting, and do not wear out. They need little lubrication. Our generous use of them comes back to you in the saving of gasoline.

We use the same size in our "30" as are used in the 60 H. P. Thomas. Other cars selling under \$2,000 have few annular ball bearings, and most of them have none at all.

7.—Brakes.

Brakes of ample size and efficiency are of vital importance. Most motor car wrecks are due to the lack of them.

No other low-priced car equals our "30" in braking surface. We have two brakes—one a contracting brake on the transmission, operated by the pedal. The other is an expanding brake on the rear wheel, operated by a side lever.

Not ten per cent of American cars, regardless of price, have such efficient brakes.

8.—Unit Power Plant, Alignment

In the Chalmers-Detroit "30" the motor and transmission form a single unit. In this way alone can one secure perfect alignment. Practically all the famous foreign cars now use this excellent feature.

For the same purpose—perfect alignment—we use the two-bearing crank shaft. More than two bearings make constant perfect alignment impossible. And alignment saves friction, saves power, saves wear and tear.

9.—Comfort, Style

This car has beauty of line, a style all its own—low-hung, sweeping and graceful. The body is hung in such a way as to avoid jolting and insure the greatest ease of riding. It lopes, rather than bumps, over inequalities of the road. The springs are $\frac{3}{4}$ elliptic.

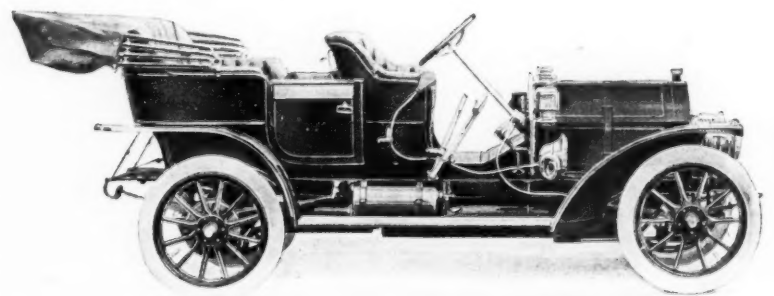
Those are ten of the reasons why people who know buy the Chalmers-Detroit "30." Compare these with other cars, point by point. We are willing to abide by your judgment.

10.—Economy

The Chalmers-Detroit "30" is, by long odds, the most economical car of its class. Other low-priced cars weigh from 200 to 500 pounds more without giving more comfort or greater strength.

Yet our "30" has the strongest frame, the heaviest wheels, the biggest brakes and the strongest steering connections. How would you like to carry always two extra heavyweight passengers to wear out tires and consume gasoline? That is what many cars do.

Lightness means low cost of upkeep, small tire cost. One of these cars ran 20,800 miles on country roads at an average of 18.6 miles for each gallon of gasoline. Under fair conditions, 25 miles per gallon is not unusual.



Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—\$2,750

Made as Touring Car, Toy Tonneau and Roadster

This is the standard American "Forty." If you think of paying \$2,000 to \$3,000 for a car, be sure to see this "Forty."

For three years it has proved itself, both in service and contests, the best of the medium-priced cars.

Last year it won first place, or perfect scores, in twenty-five national events, to prove speed, endurance and hill climbing ability.

Our "Forty" represents the utmost that any price can buy, measured by desirable features. Among its owners are many men of national fame as mechanical experts.

Write today for the Chalmers-Detroit catalog, and for name of nearest dealer.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



Reg. U. S. Pat.
Office, 1906.

Hosiery, lacking this mark, is not “Holeproof Hosiery”

Holeproof Is the Original Guaranteed Hosiery

When you buy six pairs of *Holeproof Hosiery*—the hosiery with the trade-mark (shown above) stamped on the toe—either for *men, women or children*—you get this guarantee signed in ink by the dealer or by us: “*If any or all of*

these hose come to holes, rips or tears, or need darning within 6 months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free.” That means absolute freedom from all hosiery bother, troubles and expense for half a year.

Summer Colors

All Stylish Shades. The Dealer Will Show Them to You.

The colors for men are light and dark tan, navy blue, light blue, pearl gray, gun-metal, lavender, mode, flesh color, green, black and black with white feet.

The colors for women are pearl gray, lavender, light blue, navy blue, tan, black and black with white feet.

Boys' and Misses' stockings are made in tan and black.

Soft—Light—Stylish

You not only get hose that wear full six months; you get soft, light and stylish hose; you get guaranteed colors; you get the utmost in hosiery that the price can buy; you get the finest hose on the market. No expense is spared to make them best. We spend \$30,000 a year simply for inspection, to know that each pair is right.

Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton Yarn

We buy the best Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton yarn at an average price of 63c per pound. We pay the top market price for our yarns, no matter how it may fluctuate.

Yet we could buy yarn for as low as 35c per pound.

We get the wear by knitting the body of the hose with 3-ply yarn, and reinforcing heels and toes to 6-ply.

Yet the yarn is so soft and pliable that you don't feel the reinforcement. We use a special process that insures permanent shape, fast colors and perfect fit.

31 Years' Experience

The secret of “Holeproof” wear and quality cost us 31 years of patient experiment.

Today the demand is enormous—18,000 pairs are now being made every day in our factory.

Last year we sold over three million pairs. It is this enormous output that allows us to sell you this better hosiery at the price you'd pay for common hose.

Isn't the hosiery that is so popular likely to be the best hosiery made?

For Men, Women and Children

Try “Holeproof” next time you need hosiery. It's the best and most economical.

Tell your people about it. Remember, it is made—and guaranteed—for men, women and children.

Get the Genuine

The genuine “Holeproof” is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or we will ship direct, where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Tear out this ad as a memo.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, \$1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color, or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, \$2.00. Made entirely of Sea Island cotton.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, \$3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, \$3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Stockings 6 pairs, \$2. Medium weight. Black, tan and black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings 6 pairs, \$3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.



Write for free book, “How to Make Your Feet Happy”

Holeproof Hosiery Co.
296 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Are Your Hose Insured?



One Can or Twelve?

You never buy potatoes one meal at a time—nor eggs, nor flour, nor tea. Why, then, do you buy a single can of Van Camp's? Why not a dozen cans?

One can at a time is a relic of old times—when you baked beans at home. Then you baked only one dish at a time because they grew quickly stale.

But that is not so with Van Camp's.

Van Camp's remain, until you open the can, as fresh as when they came from our ovens.

And the greatest delight, from the housewife's view, lies in having them ready to serve.

Why lose all this? Why run to your grocer every time when you want a good meal in a hurry?

You should have a dozen cans on the shelf.

There are millions of you now using Van Camp's.

You no longer spend some sixteen hours to prepare a dish of beans. You have it ready to serve in a minute.

You have given up beans that are hard to digest—beans that ferment and form gas. We are baking them for you in modern steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees.

No longer do you serve beans crisped on the top, and less

than half baked in the middle. Van Camp's are all baked alike.

You have found Van Camp's nutty because they are whole—not mushy like home-baked beans.

And you have found that the tomato sauce baked into the beans gives them superlative zest.

You know all this, and would never go back to home baking. Now we ask you to learn the rest.

Beans are Nature's choicest food, being 84 per cent nutriment. They exceed meat in their food value, yet they cost one-third as much.

They are appetizing and hearty, and all people like them. One hardly can serve them too often.

For luncheon or supper this is the ideal meal, and a most economical dish.

When you are tired, here's a meal without working. When you are busy, here's a meal without waiting.

Think what it means to have a dozen such meals waiting on the pantry shelf. Don't buy them from hand to mouth.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

We use no beans save the finest grown and all are picked over by hand. We use no tomato sauce not made from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes.

If you will serve Van Camp's with some rival brand you will never forget the comparison.

Do this sometime when somebody says: "Here are beans just as good." Buy them and see for yourself.

Then you will know that other baked beans, whatever the claims, can't compare with Van Camp's.

For this dish is our specialty. We have spent 48 years in

learning how to perfect it. The very costliest materials are the least that we buy, and we are lavish with the skill that we spend on them.

We could buy tomato sauce for one-fifth what ours cost, and beans for one-seventh what we pay. But we could not, at any price, buy anything better than the materials we use in this dish.

When you find that Van Camp's are the best beans baked, be sure that you always get them.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, Established 1861 Indianapolis, Ind.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Number 48

THE KEEPER OF THE GATE

By Edward S. Fowler

EX-COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK



What Falls to the Collector of the Port

ONE evening in 1865 Preston King, Collector of the Port of New York, left his office, went aboard a Staten Island ferryboat and when half-way across threw himself into the bay and was drowned. This was no accident. It was found that his pockets were loaded with shot. King was hounded to death by office-seekers. He served only eight months and twenty-nine days. Every morning he used to look out of his window and see a line of gaunt, anxious place-hunters reaching from his office door away down William Street. It got on his nerves and presently, with grim determination, he made an end to his life.

Imagine a man in that state of mind administering one of the greatest businesses in the world!

Ever since it was established, in 1791, the New York Custom House has been a political storm-center. John Lamb was the first Collector, and he held the job before the Constitution was adopted. Lamb served thirteen years, and his four successors, four, nine, nine and eight respectively. The last of these gentlemen, Samuel Swartwout, had attained questionable distinction by serving as Burr's second in his duel with Hamilton. Looking down the line of Collectors one sees some distinguished names: Jesse Hoyt, Moses H. Grinnell, Chester A. Arthur and others of only lesser luminance.

About the time of Swartwout, politics got a stranglehold on the office. The periods of service grew visibly less as the importance of the post increased. A Collector now rarely served a normal term of four years; in fact, thirteen of the thirty-three incumbents of this office held the job less than a year and a half each. Following Jesse Hoyt, John J. Morgan served seventeen days, his successor, Curtis, three months and eleven days, and, ten years later, Daniel S. Dickinson quit after putting in eight days' time. It would be absurd to urge that these men were put out because of inefficiency, since most of them were inefficient when they went in and were never given time to qualify. Technically, the power of the office centered in the Collector, but everybody knew that he had to report to the boss. He was between two stones: the rapacity of the office-seeker and the interests of the community, and it took a man with either a heart of flint or one of putty to stand the test and not break. To hold the job he had to be very big or very little. If he ran his office to suit himself he won the support of the business men and incurred the hatred of the bosses, since politics and business are as wide apart as the poles. For more than a century party leaders fought continuously for Custom House spoils. No sooner did one party win than factional fights for these spoils began. From 1861 to 1885 the Republicans guided the destiny of this office.

The New York Custom House Under the Spoils System

DURING this period the Custom House figured as the protagonist in some of the biggest family rows that have racked the party in this state. Collector Murphy went to the Syracuse Convention with a pocket full of jobs and obtained the nomination of John A. Dix for Governor. In those days Deputy Collectors were taken from the field of political activity. They weren't expected to know anything about the work. Their duties were performed for them by experienced clerks, while they, the deputies, devoted their time to lining up their organizations and filling the pay-roll with time-servers. Right and left Murphy proselyted the adherents of other candidates and swept them into the drag-net of Dix.

Men who had pledged their allegiance to Fenton changed in the twinkling of an eye at the magic promise of a clerkship. Murphy kept his promises, and at the adjournment of the convention his new adherents were rewarded. One of these

Fenton deserters got a sixteen-hundred-dollar job and in after years became a Deputy Collector in charge of one of the most important divisions in the Custom House. Later, however, he became an ardent Civil Service reformer, and was active in promoting the laws whereby Deputy Collectors were put in the classified service and removed from the field of active partisanship.

It is clear that if the Custom House could swing the state election it would have a vast power in shaping the destinies of the two great national parties. As this fact was more and more realized Washington cast covetous eyes upon the place and sought to transfer its influence from New York to the National Capital.

One of the most notorious instances of the Federal Government poking its finger into the "state pie" was when the Hayes people went gunning for the official scalp of General Arthur. He was removed from the Collectorship and Theodore Roosevelt, father of the ex-President, was appointed his successor. Senator Conkling, always jealous of his rights as state leader, got the help of Senator Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, whose contempt for the Ohio President was supreme, and checkmated the Administration by preventing Roosevelt's confirmation in the Senate. Then the President gave a recess or temporary appointment to General Merritt, a well-equipped St. Lawrence County politician, who was then serving as Surveyor of the Port. With the liberal use of his office patronage and the aid of John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, Merritt obtained enough Democratic votes to defeat Conkling and secure his own confirmation.

How the Collectorship Compassed the Downfall of Conkling

ALONZO B. CORNELL, naval officer, was at the same time removed from office and, joining forces with Conkling, made Arthur chairman of the Republican organization of the city of New York and the recognized leader of the regulars.

Conkling, however, triumphed temporarily. He saw the Hayes Administration pass into oblivion. He saw Arthur elected Vice-President and then follow Garfield into the White House. He saw Cornell made Governor of New York. But the Custom House was the cause of much bitterness of spirit to Conkling. It was the rock upon which his splendid career went to pieces. He saw his enemy, Robertson, intrenched in the Collectorship. He saw the patronage that he had earned bestowed upon another man.

In his subsequent fight with Garfield, Arthur was powerless to help him. He quarreled with Cornell and dubbed him "the lizard on the hill." As a mark of displeasure at what he believed to be Garfield's treachery, he resigned from the Senate, expecting vindication from his constituents. But his enemies beset him and compassed his defeat. And curiously, by the same token, the Collectorship was the stepping-stone by which Arthur reached the Presidency.

Up to about the middle of Arthur's term (1873) the Moiety laws allowed the Collector a share in all seizures, and his emoluments sometimes largely exceeded forty thousand dollars a year.

His appointive power was very great. But Civil Service law took most of the minor positions out of his hands. The Moiety laws were repealed. All fees collected were turned into the Treasury and the Collector's pay fixed at twelve thousand dollars a year. This embraces his entire compensation, with the addition of, perhaps, five hundred dollars paid him by the State of New York for collecting and paying out quarantine moneys. If he is permitted to serve the term of four years for which he is appointed his gross compensation is fifty thousand dollars.

Through this great office is collected seven-tenths of all the duties on imported merchandise entering the United States. The following are the gross collections by fiscal years:

1899	\$ 137,455,208.62
1900	153,253,780.76
1901	154,485,638.62
1902	166,807,010.38
1903	182,775,815.67
1904	173,022,566.12
1905	174,574,127.16
1906	200,698,240.93
1907	222,782,650.10
1908	190,191,073.17
	\$1,756,046,111.53

One hears some very funny stories about what is done with this money. The other day a New York business man, for whose ignorance there was no excuse, made the statement that the Collector always had from fifteen to twenty millions of Government money to his credit in certain banks, and that it was a legitimate thing for him to loan this out for his own benefit, so long as he made good when the money was demanded. The ludicrousness of this idea is apparent when one knows that the regular bonded liability of the Collector is some four hundred thousand dollars. As a matter of fact, all moneys collected during the day are turned into the Sub-Treasury every afternoon and a receipt taken for same. The hour for transmission of these vast amounts is known to the police and the way is kept clear of crooks and the like.

The Collector's bonds cover not only his obligations as Collector of Customs, but the disbursing of from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars a year. He is responsible for the pay-rolls containing some thirty-one hundred and fifty names. He is custodian of all Government buildings connected with the customs service. In addition the Collector is disbursing agent of the revenue cutter service at this port, paying out from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars per year. From time to time the Government imposes special duties, such as the paying out of moneys connected with the building of the new custom house. In such case the Collector must give an extra bond if required, but he is allowed no additional compensation for the increased responsibility and work.

Every vessel arriving from a foreign port is subject to the authority of the Collector until the cargo has been discharged. The number of such vessels entered for the fiscal year ending June, 1908, was forty-five hundred and thirty-nine. The Collector holds possession of all imported merchandise on which duties have not been paid, releasing the same according to law. In a word, he is the only officer of customs financially responsible under his bond for the proper conduct of all business pertaining to the customs service at the Port of New York. On the other hand, he is protected to the extent that suits for the recovery of excessive duties cannot be brought against him personally. Nor is he liable for losses occasioned by his official acts, nor for the laches of his subordinates, unless gross negligence is established.

Gown-Smuggling by Society Women

SO MUCH for the duties and responsibilities of the Collector as defined by statute. His particular value to the public is in the exercise of certain quasi-judicial and discretionary powers conferred upon him by law. He may or may not remit assessment of duties on importations of less than a dollar in value, or he may remit duties exceeding two dollars on articles found in passengers' baggage. In no case can any seizure be made without his authority. He is expected to exercise sound judgment and is often perplexed by questions arising.

For instance: Less than a year ago a society lady of great wealth arrived on an ocean liner. She deliberately failed to state in her declaration that she had anything in her baggage subject to duty, asserting that her forty-odd trunks contained the very articles of wearing apparel which she had taken abroad with her. The inspectors found, on opening her trunks, that she had misstated the facts, and told her that they would be unable to proceed with the examination, that her trunks would be sent to the Appraiser's warehouse for expert valuation of the dutiable articles, and that the Collector would decide the question of seizure and confiscation. Upon this, the lady attempted to bribe the officers, but failed.

The next day the lady appeared at the Collector's office accompanied by counsel—a distinguished lawyer. She charged that the officers had been rough and ungentlemanly and that they had unjustly discriminated against her. So charming and artful was the would-be smuggler that she convinced her counsel that she was the most abused woman in New York. The customs officers were sent for and put through a sharp examination, but stood their ground. Discomfited by their testimony the lady insisted on taking the witness-stand. When she had completed her direct testimony she was cross-examined by the Collector. It became necessary, after establishing the

lady's false statements—by her own evidence—to seize all the baggage and turn the matter over to the District Attorney for his action. The next day counsel called upon the Collector and offered to pay the duties and penalties in order, if possible, to keep the affair out of the newspapers. The matter, however, having been placed in the hands of the District Attorney, the settlement had to be made through that officer, with the Collector's recommendation. On the written declaration of the lady, claiming nothing dutiable in her baggage, she paid ten thousand dollars duties and penalties.

Why did the Collector consent to a compromise in this case? The answer is, that it has been found next to impossible to obtain a verdict against a woman where the United States is the complainant. Especially is this true where it relates to a lady's wardrobe. As it was, she was severely punished by having her reputation established as a discredited person and being compelled to pay duties and penalties into the Treasury.

Some time later followed the famous case of the ruby. A ring was sent to this country through the mails to be delivered through a Southern post-office. The postmaster at that point, unprepared to pass upon the question of value of the jewel, sent it to the nearest custom house for appraisement, where it was given a value of three thousand dollars. But the officers here, being in doubt, forwarded the ring to New York for appraisement. By this time the newspapers were deeply interested in the fate of the ring on account of the distinction of the persons connected with the case. The Collector locked the jewel up in his burglar-proof and fireproof vault for a time, and, when the excitement surrounding it had abated, had it taken out and examined and returned.

It was found to be worth just seven dollars and twenty-five cents. The setting was an ordinary 14 carat, while the stone itself was an excellent bit of paste. The Collector and experts believed that the ring was sent to this country by some light-minded person as a hoax, and so the matter was dropped altogether.

The Intricacies of the Collector's Job

THE Collector is the classifying officer, determining under what provision of the tariff, and at what rates, imported merchandise shall pay duty. He is also the liquidating authority, considering all protests against the payment of duty assessed by him and acting upon them according to law. As classifying officer he is continually called upon to hear valuation disputes between the Appraiser and the importer. These hearings invariably affect large importations, and are not only important in that respect, but in the making of precedent for future use. For instance: A shipment of silk noils was returned by the Appraiser as waste silk carded or combed at forty cents per pound, and was held by the Collector to be free of duty. Also a consignment of "crude India-rubber" that had undergone a process called milling was appraised as dutiable at twenty per cent ad valorem, but the contention of the importer that these goods were free of duty was sustained by the Collector. Another case was that of machinery belting, composed of cotton and India-rubber, the latter being the chief value, which was returned by the Appraiser at forty-five per cent ad valorem and held by the Collector to be dutiable at thirty-five per cent. A shipment of uniforms used by small children impersonating Indians, firemen, sailors and the like was returned by the Appraiser as wearing apparel dutiable at fifty per cent ad valorem. The Collector decided that these uniforms were toys dutiable at thirty-five per cent ad valorem. A shipment of tweezers was appraised as manufactures of metal dutiable at forty-five per cent ad valorem, but held by the Collector to be free of duty. One could go on citing these cases indefinitely, but the foregoing will amply demonstrate the common-sense function of the Collector. When one considers the vast number of consignments upon which the question of duty is debatable and the vast importance of this question to the importer, he will appreciate the frequency and the knottiness of the problems that confront the chief customs officer.

The Collector's bondsman is responsible for the proper collection of duties. This means that he must do his best to prevent smuggling. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the tremendous temptation to smuggle goods into the United States, owing to our high tariff. The great profits made by successful smugglers tempt the most ingenious brains and combinations of brains to go into this business. It is clear also that the goods most sought to be smuggled—precious stones, jewels, drugs and the like—are, by virtue of their small bulk, most difficult of detection. The system for preventing smuggling has its ramifications reaching to all parts of the world where valuable articles are to be bought, and a careful and approximately successful watch is kept of all considerable purchases.

One of the principal methods of smuggling is that where women declaring themselves non-residents of the United States act as carriers for American dressmakers and milliners, and bring in their baggage valuable gowns and merchandise claimed to be for personal use.

For instance: A widow of a retired army officer in Paris brought in fifteen thousand dollars' worth of gowns, purchased abroad by various dressmakers and turned over to a prominent French concern, which engaged the woman to bring them in as her personal wearing apparel. For this service she was given free transportation to and from New York and several hundred dollars for expenses. The gowns were forfeited, and the French concern and several guilty Americans were convicted of smuggling.

Another instance was that of a young woman who said she was a student of Jean de Reszke's, who brought in several trunks of gowns for her own use, as she declared. It was found that these belonged to five of the leading society women of New York, one of whom was to be married three days after their arrival. The goods were forfeited and sold and the young woman had to purchase another trousseau. It was a close question as to whether the society woman had guilty knowledge of the transaction. The United States District Attorney carefully considered the matter and deemed the evidence insufficient to proceed criminally.

A case of unusual interest was that of fifteen empty jewel boxes found in a small package of lace in the Appraiser's warehouse and consigned to an employee of one of the largest importers in this city. The importer acknowledged to the customs officers, on investigation, that he had been a passenger on a certain vessel with a lady who had purchased abroad articles of jewelry belonging to each of the empty boxes, none of which had been mentioned in her baggage declaration. The property was valued at about ten thousand dollars. An eminent lawyer subsequently surrendered to the custom house all of the jewelry, stipulated for its forfeiture, and paid for its release with full appraised value—ten thousand dollars.

In the summer of 1908 the Collector was advised that a great portion of all coral in our markets was smuggled in by sailors of Italian lines from Mediterranean ports. The names of suspected firms were submitted, search-warrants secured, the premises of these concerns inspected and several thousand dollars' worth of coral seized.

About the time of these seizures, glove smuggling from Italy was investigated, and it was found that thousands of dollars' worth of these articles was being brought in concealed in the baggage of steerage passengers; in fact, a large quantity of gloves passed the customs and were seized in the premises of certain persons in Greater New York. Of course, forfeitures were the result and criminal proceedings were instituted.

Several of the largest importers of watch-cases defrauded the Government of large amounts by understating the value of cases and movements. The Collector investigated this matter and requested the District Attorney to sue for the recovery of penalties. A compromise resulted, and approximately forty thousand dollars was paid by two of the firms concerned.

How Lace and Tobacco are Smuggled In

ONE of the most important baggage cases was that of a prominent society woman who brought in a large number of trunks and stated in her declaration that she had purchased some eighteen hundred dollars' worth of wearing apparel. It was found that the trunks contained many thousands of dollars' worth of goods. The woman repeatedly denied any knowledge of invoices and bills, but finally surrendered them. They showed that she had purchased about twenty thousand dollars' worth of gowns and other apparel from famous Parisian dressmakers. The Government not only recovered the duties, amounting to some six thousand dollars, but required the woman to pay heavy penalties before surrendering her goods to her.

Owing to the heavy duty on Sumatra leaf-tobacco many methods are used to smuggle this article. One of these is to secrete tobacco in the coal of steamships, another is to conceal it in the mattresses of unoccupied staterooms. The tobacco is usually removed from the ship when the vessel is coaling, taken away in coal-barges, and subsequently carried off in motor-boats. Some arrests, as well as the seizure of barges and motor-boats engaged in this traffic, have been made.

A case illustrating the various means by which smuggling is detected was that involving an English noblewoman. The Collector was advised that some valuable laces were on sale in a prominent dressmaking establishment, the same being those which had been brought in by the aristocrat as household effects. In addition, there were found in an art establishment a number of miniatures which this lady had brought in, stating at the time of their importation that they were not for sale. All of which goes to show that, while the guilty may escape on the deep, yet vengeance pursueth on shore.

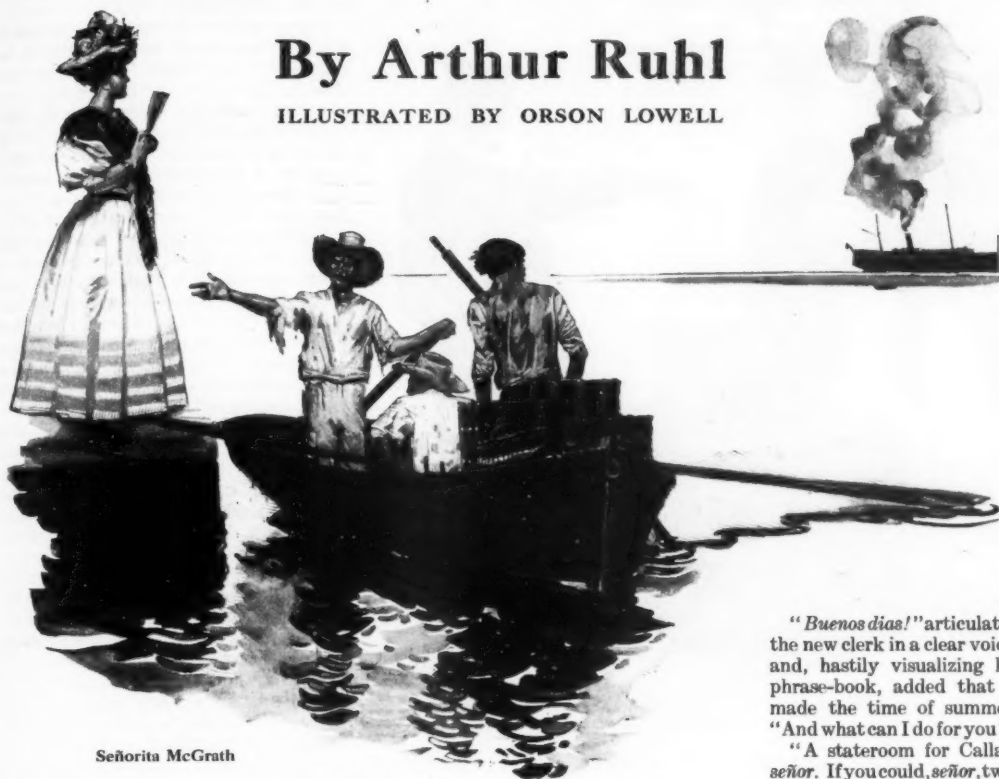
The running down of the cocaine free traders exposed a system of smuggling cocaine and other harmful and correspondingly valuable drugs through the connivance of steamship employees. Ten persons were indicted in these cases, among them a representative of one of the largest American drug houses.

(Continued on Page 33)

THE LAST PASSENGER

By Arthur Ruhl

ILLUSTRATED BY ORSON LOWELL



Señorita McGrath

THE heat and silence of tropical noon enveloped Puerto Azul. The streets were deserted, and even the inner courtyards drowsed in the mid-day siesta. The iron shutters of the steamship office had been rolled down and the long room was so still that the new clerk, hurriedly finishing a letter to catch the outgoing steamer, was plainly conscious of the scratching of his pen.

The great spike-studded doors were closed, and the smaller entrance, hung like a mouth in one of them, framed a glaring rectangle of equatorial sunlight which poured straight down and flooded the narrow street. Across this rectangle scuffled an occasional figure wrapped in a black *manta*, and at long intervals there was a lazy clatter of hoofs and the tinkle of the little tram. From behind the closed blinds of the house across the way a rather tinpanny piano—energetic in the treble, faltering and broken in the bass—was striking out the great tenor solo from the opera just brought out from Italy. They were playing and whistling it all up and down the West Coast:

*O dolci ba—ci
O—langüide car-ez-ze!*

hummed the new clerk, and then two surprising things happened. The doorway was suddenly darkened by a woman, entering hurriedly. At the same instant the senior clerk, who had waited to glance over the last invoices, ducked, and creeping almost on his hands and knees disappeared down the cellar stairs.

The new clerk, only out a few weeks from the Liverpool office, was dismayed; but he rose, nevertheless, and, tucking his handkerchief engagingly into his left cuff, faced the situation and the evidently agitated visitor with as good an imitation of the unconscious insolence of the veteran passenger agent as he could command.

She might have been eight and twenty, although the quickly-blooming Spanish blood made it difficult to tell—a woman grown in face and shape, even if somewhat too luxuriant a shape for his British eyes, yet with a curious wistfulness and immaturity wavering through her well-assumed look of pride, as if she had been cloistered all these years and was yet to have her first grown-up meeting with the world.

She wore a white summer dress, freshly-starched, and revealing a firm and comely neck of an even, old-ivory whiteness with her cheek; a hat rather crudely trimmed with inferior white ostrich feathers and colored flowers; and high-heeled, light-colored tan shoes of a pattern distinctly South American. A black patent-leather belt encircled a vigorous but not awkward waist, and a black lace scarf, which might on occasion serve as a mantilla, was drawn over her shoulders and draped across her generous bosom by a brooch of heavy gold. On each wrist was a thick, old-fashioned bracelet made of a solid band of gold.

"Buenos días, señor!" she murmured, looking inquiringly past the young man to the empty office.

"Buenos días!" articulated the new clerk in a clear voice, and, hastily visualizing his phrase-book, added that it made the time of summer. "And what can I do for you?"

"A stateroom for Callao, señor. If you could, señor, two, for I have much baggage."

"Two——" It was already two hours past sailing time. The Dos de Mayo was crowded. There was scarcely room for another mattress on the after deck, much less a cabin passenger. And so the new clerk explained.

The woman answered rather impatiently in Spanish. "But, madam, she must be getting up anchor now. You couldn't go aboard, and you couldn't find a place to sleep if you did."

"But, señor!" She shrugged her shoulders, and laying both hands on her bosom and lifting her chin proudly, with an air of one who had given a detailed and incontrovertible explanation, she said: "You do not understand. There is *always* room for me. I am the Señorita McGrath!"

"McGrath?" repeated the clerk.

"McGrath, señor. Irrevadora-McGrath!"

"Wait a minute!" gasped the new clerk, and he hurried to the cellar.

In the semi-darkness the senior clerk sat on a nail-keg, rolling a cigarette.

"Ssh!" he whispered, holding up a warning hand. "What does she want? What! But—dash it all! She's just had a trip! She came down on the Carabobo last week."

"Señor!" The senior clerk dodged off the nail-keg into a darker corner of the cellar.

"And she wants two staterooms!" pursued the new clerk.

"Señor!" The voice was at the cellar door now.

"Give her them!" hissed the senior clerk. "Give her anything! Let 'em fight it out on board!"

Into the silence of the cellar came a faint, far-off braying. It was the Dos de Mayo whistling her first warning of departure from her anchorage in the bay.

"Quick! Let her have 'em! If she missed it—Heaven knows—we might get chucked!"

As the Dos de Mayo's whistle blew for the third and last time—the same hoarse note which had reverberated a quarter of an hour before in the cellar of the office of the Anglo-Peruvian Steamship Company—Cranborne, second assistant purser, made another mark on his invoice sheet and observed quietly: "There—by dammy! Another day done."

It was the last of many scores of figures he had set down since their droll ark had rolled for a couple of

hours off Tocaran that morning waiting for a few casks of *pisco* and a lone traveler with a tin trunk and a rolled-up bed; and the crated sewing-machine, which had gone tumbling down into the heaving lighter, was the last piece of cargo. That little mark finished another day's work, and it crossed off forever another from that list of ever more rapidly-disappearing days which are left to a man who has drifted in strange corners of the world for twenty years.

Again they would steam up the long, slow trail, up to the Line and over, with their mining machinery and bottled ale and cotton prints and locomotives taken apart like children's blocks. Then they would pass another little corrugated-iron village tacked to the bare, wind-swept hills, behind it the tawny, blazing flanks of the Andes, in front the lighter working slowly out from shore, or some tiny dory bringing another village argonaut and his rolled-up bed.

Again the winch-engines would clamor, the crates and boxes from Bordeaux and Hamburg and Manchester with a singsong wail of "A-ba-jo!" go scuttling overside. Again that warm, fetid odor of sulphur and molasses and oil and pine would rise from the hold, and Cranborne would stand by his hatch and make little marks. Then the hatches would be battened down again, the anchor lifted, and they would return to their deck-golf beneath the awnings aft, beside the chicken-coops and the vegetable bins, where the smell of decaying pineapples mixed with the hot, oily odors of the engine-room and the bedraggled ducks and turkeys they were going to try to eat that night gazed at them reproachfully through the slats.

The sewing-machine tumbled to the bottom of the pile, the crate smashing cheerfully. The gong aft began its deafening clamor. The second assistant purser was turning toward the office when he observed, just rounding the breakwater against which the Pacific surf splashed and thundered, a shore boat flying the Peruvian flag. Real trunks were piled in the bow, and in the seat just forward of the helmsman sat a lone woman in a white dress and variegated hat.

The Englishman watched the approaching passenger with a certain vicious satisfaction, hearing, as he did, the anchor-chains rumbling through the hawseholes and the screw slowly getting under way. The *dulce* sellers were bundled down the gangway, jabbering and gesticulating for their last coppers as they went. Stokers leaning from the ports below laughed and waved derisively. And the great, shabby ark slowly turned and pointed her nose to sea.

With cynical amusement Cranborne heard the captain shouting on the deck overhead. One's own chagrins at the hands of a large and difficult world were revenged, in a way, each time the ship was forced majestically to accept another of its continuous and absurd humiliations.

"Who is it?" rasped down from the bridge. MacFechan had an odd voice, a Scotch voice with a hoarse Chilean scratch in it. He was a West Coaster, too. The boat drew nearer. The captain studied it through his glass.

"It's Olympia McGrath!" he said.

The native oarsmen rowed frantically. Their helmsman, guiding the boat across the long swells with a sweep, waved

madly toward the bridge. The Dos de Mayo kept on, gathering headway. Reaching shouting distance the helmsman flung up a torrent of imprecation and appeal. The lady at his side sat as motionless and still as if she were Cleopatra gliding down the Nile. With a disregard of her presence, convenient and similarly complete, the captain projected toward the boatman jumbled Spanish and English that crackled and split like a wireless. The assistant purser looked reproachfully toward the bridge.

"Oh, I say!" he muttered half aloud. The captain, viciously chewing the stump of a toothpick, sputtered on in a low monotone.

"What do you want now?" he shouted. "We're under way!"



And Cackled Until the Veins Showed on His Forehead and in His Thin and Leathery Neck

The great hulk quickened now with every turn of the screw.

"Shall I lower the gangway, sir?" demanded Cranborne.

"You will not!" snapped the captain.

"But, sir—"

"Shut up, Mr. Cranborne!" He sent a jingle to the engine-room and, without glancing at the assistant purser, shouted: "Lower away!"

Half thrown, half lifted out as the shore boat swung up and dived dizzily past the lower step, the new passenger ascended the gangway slowly and a little awkwardly.

"*Dios mio!*" she panted, stepping on deck, and turned on Cranborne her startled and rather melancholy eyes—Spanish eyes that seemed to speak of quiet, sheltered *patio* years, the long, warm, lazy days each like another, unstirred by the far-off, restless world. For a moment the Englishman met them, a flush as of recognition or surprise slowly showing underneath his tan, and then three trunks crashed on the deck.

"*A mi camarote!*" the young woman commanded her boatmen, and then to Cranborne: "Which is my estate-room?" He bowed and reached for her ticket.

"Did the agent sell you this?" The young woman stiffened a little and smiled.

"My family do not buy, *señor*," she said quietly. And as he stared, embarrassed, Captain MacFechan came down the bridge stairs rasping out a "*Vamos—clear out!*" to the *cholo* boatmen.

"What's all this? Hello, *señorita!*" he nodded satirically. "You're too late. We're full up." Cranborne handed him the ticket.

"Curse the impertinence of that agent! I tell you there's no room!"

"No room, *señor capitán*? There is no room for the daughter of Colonel McGrath?" The young woman's sad eyes suddenly blazed. "Perhaps there was no room for my father on the *Chileno*, no? But my father row under her guns in a little boat and throw a grenade with his own hands into the engine-room and then there ees room! Perhaps you forget, *señor!*"

"No fear o' that," grinned the captain. "Ye've given us no chance to forget it. Your wild Irishman of a father—"

"*Señor capitán!*"

"Ah've nothing against your excellent father, Miss McGrath. He did his duty an' the company have done theirs. We owed him somewhat an' we paid it. We've carried your family an' their bir-r-rds an' dogs for twenty years—and with the Chileans an' the Germans cuttin' rates till there's no living for a dock-rat in the business, much less a mail boat."

A hot flush crept up from her neck and burned through the white skin of her cheek and the rice-powder that dusted it. She tried to speak, but could not.

"This is a steamship—it's naw merry-go-round. We didna' undertake to pay your rent. If —"

"I say," put in Cranborne uneasily. "If I might—I mean to say—if the lady would consent to occupy the second assistant purser's stateroom —"

"Shut up, if you please, Mr. Cranborne. And as for the lady —"

"*Mi padre!*" She flung out the phrase, clenched fists pressed tight against her bosom, as if calling on that gallant warrior to return from the ocean which covered him and avenge this insult to his family and his child. And suddenly, as if indeed he had come back and were there to give her confidence, her voice and manner changed.

"Ah—my father!" she smiled ironically. "'Twas himself had his own ship to command when MacFechan was cooking *cazuelas* in the galley, and he live' on his lands like a viceroy when MacFechan was scrubbing decks. And his daughter"—she made the motion of snapping her fingers, but no snap came, and then her lips suddenly quivered and she walked away. And in that odd gait, constrained by vague embarrassments, she again became the timid *niña*, dismayed in mind and body at the largeness and strangeness of the world.

The captain's lean and florid face cracked into a grin.

"May I ask who that is, sir?" inquired Cranborne.

"She's the terror of the West Coast—that's all. She's the daughter of McGrath—the wild Irishman who blew up the *Chileno* just off the Huanachacos in the big war. An' her mother come straight down from one o' them hound-faced old Castilians with a lantern jaw an' a suit o' chain mail. The Irrevadoras laid claim to the islands because some ancestor o' theirs who came over with Pizarro an' the other pirates got 'em for a present from the old *conquistador* himself. They were worth nothing to them, but the guano was worth about four millions to the Anglo-Peruvian. Anyhow, we bought 'em for a price and with



"This is a Steamship—it's Naw Merry-Go-Round. We Didna' Undertake to Pay Your Rent"

the understanding that McGrath and his family—he'd married the widow, ye know, and they thought he'd kept the Chileans from capturing the islands—wi' the understanding that they could ride on the company's boats whenever they had a mind, free!"

"He must have been a very extraordinary man," said the assistant purser.

"An' a verra extraordinary punishment to inflict on an inoffensive and law-abidin' common carrier, Mr. Cranborne. Ye're a man of education an' experience, sir, for all that ye're momentarily employed in a somewhat humble capacity on this unfortunate boat, an' I leave it to you. You're acquainted with these barbarous West Coasters. Ye know their avid and insatiable appetites. To be sure, wi' McGrath himself it wasn't so bad. But he was soon gone—sunk with a filibustering expedition to recapture the nitrate fields. The old lady—an' she had her own ideas about the women-folk keeping to the house where they belong—soon followed. But Olympia"—the captain threw up his hands. "God help us!" he said.

"I suppose," ventured Cranborne gravely, "the second generation —"

MacFechan took hold of one of the lapels of his subordinate's coat and, thrusting out his leathery and florid countenance in a way he had when animated, slowly shook his disengaged forefinger close to Cranborne's face.

"If you was to take the favorite daughter of the sultan of some South Sea island so small you couldna' find it on the map, from the chaste seclusion of the imperial harem an' set her down in the Strand, with plenty of health, an' inconquerable desire to see the world, an' her acquaintance leemited to London busmen — Mr. Cranborne, we've carried her into every port from Panama to Punt' Arenas. She's visited every cousin and aunt—an' ye know they keep track o' their kin, these folk—and then she began on the families o' their husbands and wives. She's spent so much time on the company's boats she's by way o' thinkin' she ought to housekeep 'em.

"Why don't we have the piano tuned? An' why can't the company put a new carpet in the saloon—ain't the Talcuahuano got one? No rules or regulations made'll keep her off the breedge."

MacFechan threw back his head and emitted a strange, cackling laugh.

"We were makin' Tocaran one morning after a gale o' wind. A nasty blow it was, too, wi' six ships sunk at their anchors in Valparaiso roadstead and we comin' in after makin' seventy-three miles in two days. A ticklish business wi' the rocks an' the tide an' the sea runnin'—ye know the rocks at Tocaran, Mr. Cranborne. Weel, right in the thick of it I hears a voice an' there she stud behind me on the breedge. 'Look at that piece o' sky, Captain,' she said, pointing straight overhead. '*Que delicioso!* Ain't it be-oo-tiful, Captain!' she says.

"*Señorita,*" I says to her, 'it may be all ye say. But I'm not navigatin' this ship into blue sky; I'm navigatin' her into the port o' Tocaran. An' if you don't clear off

this breedge an' go below where ye belong, you'll be mighty lucky ever to see blue or any other kind o' sky.'" Again the captain threw back his head and cackled until the veins showed on his forehead and in his thin and leathery neck.

"As a matter of fact," he concluded, talking back over his shoulder as he started for the bridge, "she's a twenty-knot cruiser tryin' to manœver in an aquarium—and she don't know it. She ought to be destroyin' poverty or lockin' herself to the House o' Commons or whatever it is the women folks are wastin' their energy on back home these days. And a fine old *hacienda* crumblin' down an' several thousand acres excellent an' arable land goin' to waste for want of somebody to build a reservoir and reclaim 'em. That's where she ought to be, and as it is"—the captain jerked his head as a jangle of chords raced out from the music-room piano—"she takes it out on that. Mr. Cranborne, will ye kindly look out for your passenger?"

Already the deep-sea wind was blowing in their ears. The *Dos de Mayo* was diving lazily northward, and on the right the tawny mainland, bare and baked and windswept, stretched out before and behind them as it had for a thousand miles. Cranborne walked to the music-room.

She was playing a noisy dance in a minor key, with a stamping undercurrent, sitting bolt upright and pounding hard and determinedly, face set and flushed and her rather short legs just touching the pedals. Her hat with its flowers joggled quaintly as she played. A lean, swarthy young man, with the shifty, velvety eyes of the Caribbean mongrel, watched her from the seat which

ran round the room next the wall. A cigarette smouldered under his thin brown fingers, and as he surveyed her with a sensuous apathy he inhaled, from time to time, a breathful of smoke and let it trickle slowly from his nostrils. It was a musty, desolate little room, upholstered in a soiled, yellowish brocade mottled with terracotta flowers. The bridge was overhead, in front the empty sea, and against the windows which ran all round its half-ellipse the damp sea wind, burdened with a thin fog, blew shrill and sadly.

"Perhaps," interrupted Cranborne at the first pause, "some of the women passengers will share a stateroom with you." The *Señorita* McGrath shrugged her shoulders.

"I prefer to be alone," she said. The Englishman watched her for a moment in embarrassed silence and then went below to finish his work.

The dinner gong, a couple of hours later, had just ceased its clangor when, in a freshly-starched duck suit—an honor he rarely conferred on the saloon except when the nitrate agent came aboard at Iquique—Captain MacFechan entered the dining-room and took his place at the head of the center table. The room was already packed with diners, who were galloping down the menu with the conscientiousness of those who find themselves abruptly transferred from the frugalities of home to within striking distance of a table d'hôte. At the captain's left sat another of the Anglo-Peruvian's fixtures, the hero of the late unsuccessful revolution. At his right, before a vacant chair, were a bunch of flowers and an alligator pear carefully flavored with rum and set in a bowl of ice.

With a stern glance at his variegated family—German drummers, Yankee engineers, shy little powdered ladies from the coast towns watching the strange dishes that came to their neighbors with furtive, downcast eyes—the captain sat down and poured himself a glass of Chilean claret.

With instinctive delicacy the gallant revolutionist had at once dropped his fork and, indifferent to food, taken a folding gold toothpick from his waistcoat pocket and begun to apply it with graceful skill. Answering the captain's nod with a grave "*Buenos dias, capitán!*" he glanced toward the empty seat opposite—he too had got on at Puerto Azul—with an air at once courtly and inquisitive. MacFechan nodded.

"Mrs. Stanhope-James," said he.

"Ah! Mees' Estan'ope Ja-meel!" cried the general, placing both hands on his chest and executing a slight bow. "The *señora* who writes. *La famosa escritora Norte Americana*—no?"

"The same," said the captain. "She's a cawntact wi' the Government to write a book about your excellent country. The Government guarantees to dispose of at least two thousand copies at five dollars the copy an' thus maintain its well-deserved reputation for culture an' encouragement of the fine arts. Ye may not recognize your country when it's done, General, but ye may rest assured that your somewhat variegated population will

possess the transcendental intelligence o' the ancient Greeks an' your deserts th' fertility of the Garden of Eden. A very able woman, General, a re-mark-able woman!"

"Ah!" repeated the warrior, who, although able to translate but a few words of the captain's remarks, yet gathered that references not uncomplimentary were being made to the fair sex and was correspondingly fervid. "As you say it—*como no!*"

And at that moment Olympia McGrath entered and, with that curious air of hers, at once proud and diffident, sat down at the captain's right. The embarrassed smile which started as she saw the flowers and the iced alligator pear met, as she lifted her eyes, the steely gaze of the Dos de Mayo's commander and was frozen ere it had begun.

"Madam!" snapped MacFechan with what repression his fury would permit, "the steward will provide you with a place to eat!" And at the same instant in floated the redoubtable Mrs. Stanhope-James in a gown of lavender lawn with transparent sleeves, exhaling a faint odor of heliotrope.

The daughter of Colonel McGrath slowly arose, her pale face suffused with crimson. At the farther end of the saloon the second assistant purser rose, too, and, standing stiffly, motioned toward his vacant chair, but nobody noticed him.

"Don't let me disturb you—please," murmured the older woman and, flashing an "O-o-o!" and a smile at MacFechan and the flowers, she sat down and unfolded her napkin. The clatter ceased, every passenger turned to the captain's table. And in the momentary silence they heard a short, choking sob as Olympia McGrath, hurrying out of the door, suddenly covered her face with her handkerchief and disappeared down the deck.

Cranborne sipped his coffee in silence, although the young doctor's narratives of conquests ashore were more than commonly vivacious and improbable, then went aft on the lower deck, and leaning there on the rail he watched the gulls sailing down-hill after the churning screw until the quick, tropical night closed in and they were only ghostly flickers across the phosphorescent wake.

At the door of the smoking-room, as he went forward, stood the captain, hands jammed into trousers' pockets, a cigarette wagging up and down between his lips and sending occasional sparks flying down the deck. He was gazing at the dim Andean skyline, a darker bulk against the universal blackness, and across his lean countenance twinkled the playful satisfaction of one fresh from the prosecution of gallantries not wholly unreturned. At the sight of the assistant purser he turned sharply.

"Put her off tomorrow," he said. "We'll make Cerro Blanco about sun-up—see that her trunks are up and ready."

"Very well, sir," answered Cranborne; "but if the agent—"

"The company," interrupted MacFechan, "undertook to carry Colonel McGrath's family when they wanted to travel. We did not undertake to let 'em live on our boats. I'm a patient man, Mr. Cranborne—I'll be eternally damned if I'm not—but the only way to teach this woman anything is to use a bit of frankness and force. I'm master of this ship, Mr. Cranborne, and I'll be eternally"—MacFechan took a last pull on his cigarette and tossed it over the rail. "At Cerro Blanco, if you please, Mr. Cranborne." The Englishman nodded and continued his walk.

The night was warm and oppressive. Even the sea wind had lost its sting and the tepid breath of the tropics began to wrap them in. From the drowsing figures in deck chairs an occasional low-spoken Spanish phrase drifted, with a cigarette spark, down the deck. The darkness shut away the rest of the universe—there was no sound but the dull throb of the propeller and the long, slow swish of salt water past her sides, and the Dos de Mayo, a dull-glowing oasis in all this blackness, took on the intimacy and mystery which envelops a ship at night.

The music-room shades were drawn and he retraced his steps. As he crossed through the smoking-room the phonograph drummer asked him to have a drink. The latter was arguing noisily with a perfumery salesman from Paris about the relative superiority of races. The phonograph drummer's wife, who had been a chorus girl in the States, sided with the Frenchman. She asked the assistant purser if he didn't agree with her that Americans had

no sentiment. "Yes, yes," assented Cranborne absently, "I mean, you know—can't say, I'm sure! Ah—good-night!" and he drifted away.

At the stairway on the port side he paused a moment, then went below to his cabin. Snapping on the light he surveyed himself in the glass above the wash-basin. He recalled the phonograph drummer's question as to why he didn't go back to London in time to get a comfortable chair in the window of the Never-Was Club, and his expressed surprise that a man who had knocked about so many rough corners of the earth should still remind him of the principal cotillon leader of the town he used to live in in Iowa, and he wondered what might be the precise translation of such barbarous American humor. On the shelf above the glass were three or four faded photographs—a middle-aged gentleman and lady, some young people taking tea in a garden near a tennis net, a boy in an Eton jacket with a cricket bat. He lay in his bunk for a time with his hands behind his head and stared at the photographs and the white walls of the place he now called home.

When he returned to the upper deck it was almost deserted. The smoking-room crowd was boisterous, but the deck chairs were empty and the Dos de Mayo was going to sleep. Only, on the bridge the second officer paced silently back and forth, and down the ventilator from the captain's cabin came the occasional chink of poker chips.

Olympia McGrath sat alone in the little music-room, bolt upright and a little ill-at-ease, just as, in the cool of the afternoon, the *niñas* sit beside their mammas at the barred windows and watch the men pass by. Just so, doubtless, with her plump hands crossed in her lap and her great, sad, dark eyes blandly pretending not to see, had she and her sisters sat on innumerable afternoons, after the sun had begun to wane and the shutters were thrown open on the street.

In the intimacy which the silence and the darkness drew about them, the only living things, as it were, there with their little patch of light in that black, slow-heaving and empty sea, this woman, no longer young, suddenly embodied all the sad, dark-eyed little *niñas* whose eyes had met his across the barrier of innumerable window-bars; while he, freed from the distracting realities of day, stepped curiously back to what he had been when he

minor chords, clashing and strident in the treble. And as the piano was out of tune these curiously-challenging, wailing chords rang metallicly as they might echo in a spacious, empty room—just as in the hush of midday, as he passed by, they had many times come down from cool and sheltered rooms above the street. With these ringing, somewhat out-of-tune chords came always the image of a room he had never actually seen, with high, dark, bare walls exhaling a cool, slightly musty odor, and a girl in black playing there. And with this picture and these peculiar, ringing chords, wherever he might hear them, came a sharp unrest and desire, as keen, as hard to grasp, as that which might assail one if, across the sunset, in the smoke of a London street, a camel train should suddenly pass with a tinkle of far-off bells.

It returned now, as it always did, except that now he looked into the room and Olympia McGrath sat in the middle of it, with her vigorous arms attacking the worn keys and the flowers jiggling quaintly in her hat.

All that he said, however, was, "I say—don't stop!" as the music ceased and her fingers again strayed over the keys. Painstakingly he lit his pipe. The smoke curled through the window and floated across the room. She sniffed it warily, watching him out of the corner of her wide-open eyes.

Suddenly, without preface, she sat erect, struck a full, deep chord and in a slow contralto sang:

"Be-e-leef—me eef—all—those en—dearing yo'ng char-r-rm" she sang, marched gravely on to the "would entwine eets-self ver-r-r"—and the bass went rolling richly down—"dantly steel-l-l!"

The Englishman stared, open-mouthed.

"How did you know that?" he demanded.

"That was a song my father sang. It was written by a great poet of hees co'ntry. You have heard of that poet in England, no?"

"I have heard of him," replied Cranborne. "But it's twenty years since I heard that song." And he looked at her intently, pulling fast on his pipe. That's a long time, *señorita*—twenty years."

"A long time to remember, *señor*."

"One doesn't forget everything"—the Englishman blew out a great cloud of smoke, impatiently, as one would blow dust away—"even on the West Coast. Your father was a singer, then?"

"You would not ask if you have heard him sing. It was said of my father that if he have not kill the Chilenos with powder and lead they would have commit suicide to escap' hees voice. But he enjoy hees own music himself. And he use' to sing all the evenings the songs of hees co'ntry, and play the banjo. Ah—how he could play the banjo! . . . *Mi padre*," she repeated half to herself, with that soft slurring of the "d" which even after all these years stirred the Englishman strangely. And then, very gently, she went on with the song.

"O eet iss—not w'ile beauty an' youth—are thine own," she sang; and Cranborne, humming between closed teeth, stumbled after as best he could as far as "To w'ich time—weel—but mak'—". Then, as the bass rumbled down again, sure of his part, he opened his mouth and rattled out a final and tremendous "But make—thee more dear-r-r!"

With a quick cry of surprise and pleasure she whirled round, and before she knew what she was doing Cranborne had reached across the window and was shaking her hand.

"Thank you!" he cried, pumping her arm up and down; "I mean to say—er—thank you!" Olympia McGrath's big eyes opened wider and a blush showed under her pale skin.

"*Dios mio!*" she suddenly whispered, and pulled her hand away.

"Oh—I"—Cranborne leaned through the window, distressed. "You mustn't mind me. I've forgotten how, that's all. I haven't been back in so long." Olympia McGrath backed to the piano-stool and sat down, eying him closely.

"It shook me up a bit. One doesn't expect the old songs down here."

"I suppose not, *señor*." Her eyes fell and she twisted the ends of her lace scarf between her fingers. "I suppose not," she repeated coldly.

"I mean—it's a long way from home."

"I know. I suppose," she went on without looking up, "it seem' very far from everything—down here." You

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"Be-e-leef—Me eef—All—Those En—dearing Yo'ng—Char-r-rm"

caught sight of the sun-drenched walls and terracotta roofs of his first Caribbean town, and felt freshly, and for the first time personified, the vague allurements which had drawn him hither and thither these twenty aimless years. He walked to the window and leaned in.

"Buenas noches, *señorita*," he said.

Olympia McGrath started and stiffened.

"Buenas noches, *señor*," she whispered. Her plump hands twisted uneasily, and suddenly she turned to the piano and began to play.

Commencing low and aimlessly, as if only masking her embarrassment, the notes gathered presently into poignant

The Autobiography of a Clown

I SUPPOSE it was destiny that I should be a clown, because I was born in a circus wagon. It happened in this way. My mother had been a *première* dancer on the French and English stage, but she grew a little stout, which is always fatal to that kind of dancing. She did not want to leave my father, who was also a dancer, so they invested their savings in a small circus. In those days—it was more than fifty years ago—Europe was alive with small circuses, some of them very modest, but all furnishing a popular form of amusement. There were no theaters in the small towns and the people flocked to the circus. The shows traveled from place to place in wagons, much smaller, but not unlike the big, red, creaking wagons of the modern circus. The performances were given in an inclosure or in a hall.

My mother, who was as clever with business as she had been with her feet on the stage, managed the show, and my father was a performer. The bill included several good acrobatic acts, a juggler, a sleight-of-hand worker, a clown and a performing lion. This lion was a patriarch. He was so amiable that he would eat out of the hand of a child. In fact he was so gentle that he had to be prodded into a roar.

During the year so fateful to me our little show had traveled through France and made its way into Spain. It was on a Sunday that it reached Galicia, and it was there that I was born. My mother and father cooked, ate and slept on one of the wagons which was a sort of wandering home for the family. My mother always told me that the first thing I saw when I looked out was Albino, the old French clown, who sat in the sun, whitening his face. More than once my baby cries mingled with the jests he hurled at the audience. He was often my nurse. I was, in truth, a child of the circus.

My mother had to stay with the circus, so I was sent to a nurse in Lisbon, where my family had relatives. I remember very little of my early childhood except that one of the first things the nurse told me was that I should be a circus performer. Once in a long time my mother came to see me. On my fifth birthday I got my first lesson in the alphabet.

My parents were very thrifty. It is the French habit. When I was six years old my father took me to London. On the way there he told me that the time had come when I should begin my life's work. Remember that I was only six. But when you are born in the circus you must follow the unwritten rule of the circus, which is that you must stay with the circus. The result was that I was apprenticed to the Conrads, who were a famous acrobatic "family."

Making a Start in the Circus Business

PERHAPS it might be best to explain here just what being apprenticed to an acrobatic "family" means. The same thing happens now both in this country and in Europe, but mostly abroad, because most of the well-known performing families are foreign. Every great group of acrobats that you see in the circus, no matter if they do a trapeze act, tumble, ride bicycles or bareback, is called a "family." You see them billed as The Great Revelli Family, or The Sensational Selloos. Now the interesting thing is that they are not real families at all. They develop into groups simply because they take in apprentices, train, develop and make them part of their troupes. Six different real families may be represented in one circus



"family." It is always good business to run a "family," but it is hard on the apprentices, as my experience will show.

The head of the "family" is usually the biggest man of the lot. In circus or acrobatic speech he is known as the "understander," because literally he stands at the bottom of the act and holds up his coworkers. He is usually a man of broad shoulders, deep chest and wonderful strength. The Conrads were well known, and had many engagements. We went to Berlin to the famous Circus Rentz, to Paris, to St. Petersburg and many other places. Sometimes we played in theaters.

All the while I was being trained to be a great acrobat. We practiced in the rooms of hotels or on the stages of the show before the performances. On raw, cold mornings it was very disagreeable.

It was decided that I should be a contortionist, because one of the acts of the Conrads needed posturing or grouping in front of a human pyramid. Posturing means bending back and forth. In order to be a contortionist you must be what is called "a close bender"—that is, bend so close that the two extremes of your body meet. While you may have been born supple, it takes lots of hard training to be a good contortionist. Every day one of the Conrads took me by the arms and another by the feet and bent me back and forth. It was not very pleasant and sometimes I cried. Then I had to bend back against the wall until I thought I should die from weariness. But, as I grew more supple, I took a certain pride in my training.

When I was eight years of age I was regarded as a good contortionist. Long before that I had been used as a sort of human baseball in the "family" acts. I was a spinning wheel, too. One of the Conrads would lie on his back, lift me up to his feet and then whirl me around on the soles of his feet. At first it made me dizzy, but I got to like it because the people always applauded.

My first public appearance followed soon after my graduation from the contortion training. I was called a child wonder, and I did what was known as The Demon Act. I wore red tights, reddened my face, and altogether looked like a real little devil. My first individual appearance was in London in a big music hall. It was a great

day for me. I forgot for a time all the hardship, the beatings, the cold and hunger; for I tasted the joy of applause. The acclaim of the people is always sweet to the ear.

My apprenticeship to the Conrads lasted ten years. During that time I practically received little pay. By the terms of the indenture they were to clothe, feed and train me. I was sixteen when my slavery days ended and I was free to go. The Conrads wanted me to stay with them, but I had too many scars on my back. I will say that they were good acrobats and I learned useful feats from them.

At the Circus Francisco in Paris I had met an apprentice, a fine young Irish lad. We had sympathized with each other and decided to form a team when we were free. His term of apprenticeship ended with mine, so we started together. He was also a contortionist, so we had no trouble in getting an engagement. At one time we played four engagements the same week in London. We had to go from hall to hall in a cab without changing clothes. We were making twenty pounds a week apiece. It was big money for boys of seventeen. I sent most of mine home to my mother. You may wonder that boys of that age could go on making their own business arrangements. But you must remember that we were raised in a hard school. It makes for independence.

After a year of freedom I became ill. One day I almost collapsed during my act. I went to a hospital and the doctor told me I could not work for years. To make this unhappy chapter of my life short I will only say that I was in and out of a hospital for three years.

When I came out I found to my horror that I had grown stiff, and my days as a contortionist were over. I was barely twenty years of age and yet I had lived a whole lifetime of work. What was I to do? I found that I could still do some acrobatic tricks, such as flipflaps. I had been a good balancer, too, so I joined a troupe known as Jackley's Wonders, which made a tour of North Africa.

The Work of the Old-Fashioned Clown

I FOUND that the acrobatic tricks hurt my back, and I told some of the men in the show. One day the ringmaster (I had joined Brachinin's circus in the mean time) said to me:

"Jules, you are a good mimic. Why don't you try clowning?"

I thought it was a good idea. I had always been interested in the clowns of the shows; as an apprentice I would often steal off after training and watch them practicing; they were always good to me and they told me stories. But they were never funny stories, and I recall distinctly my sense of surprise at finding the clowns such serious, sober men away from the circus. I had also studied their "business" and felt confident that I could succeed.

The clowns of those days were "talking clowns." They talked as they worked. The circuses were much smaller then, and it was not hard to get the interest of the people. The clown had to be a good acrobat and a clever comedian. One of his favorite occupations was to guy the ringmaster. He would engage him in conversation something like this:

"I hear you are a great traveler."

"Yes," was the reply.

"Ever been to Rome?"

"Yes." Then the clown would ask him if he had been to a number of cities, to which the ringmaster would





reply "Yes." Then the clown would glibly ask, "Ever been to jail?" whereupon the ringmaster would feign to fall into the trap and reply "Yes," at which the crowd always roared with delight. This seems, perhaps, very rude humor to you, but the circus crowds then were composed of rude people of the middle and lower classes and they thought it was fine sport.

It was this sort of business that I had to do. I shall never forget my first appearance as clown. It was at Oran in North Africa. I had done many hazardous acrobatic feats and had risked my neck more than once without turning a hair. But when I sized up that crowd I was nervous. It soon wore off, however.

As I came to study clowning I found that it was difficult work. When you see a clown make a funny fall it looks very easy and

natural. But it is done only after long, hard practice. You have to study every step of that fall. Unless the funny fall is natural it fails utterly. The tall, peaked, clown hat was a great aid to the clown then. It was used a great deal more than now. The clown would come out with seven of these hats, one piled on the other. Then he would toss them up in the air and catch them on his head, or he would whirl them on to the head of another clown. Few of the circuses had more than one clown.

The old-time clown had to be a good pantomimist, too. This enabled him to get engagements during the winter on the variety stages.

About this time I joined the Schumann Combination. It was half circus, half variety show. We had acrobats, jugglers, singers, dancers and a marvelous sword-swallower named Maldini. He was the greatest I ever saw. He could ram a bayonet and part of a gun-barrel down his throat. He was resourceful, too, as you shall see.

We went to Mexico and played many small towns. It was hard traveling; we had to use donkeys and stages; the roads were bad and the country was infested by brigands. All the men in the show were heavily armed. One night we stopped at a small inn, and before we started the next day the innkeeper warned us about a certain mountain pass that we had to cross. He said that we were liable to be held up. "But," he added, "if a man appears at the top of the cañon and waves his hat you are safe."

Being a sword-swallower Maldini was the nearest thing to the soldier we had, so we put him in command of the expedition. As we approached this pass we saw men in the bushes. Maldini halted us, gave orders in a loud voice to prepare our weapons, and said: "Fire fast and die game." Then he stepped forward and pulled out one of the swords he used in his act. After testing its keenness by running it over his finger he struck a dramatic pose and rammed the sword down his throat again and again.

What the Rest of the Family Did

IT WAS a wild country and the people were very superstitious. They had never seen a sword-swallower before. As Maldini performed his act we could hear the brigands gasping with awe and wonder in the bushes. In a few moments one of them arose, waved his hat, and we passed on in safety. The sword-swallowing act had saved our lives. This incident determined my course. I had found my work hard enough, but I did not want any perils added to it; so I decided to leave at the first opportunity.

We played some places in Central American countries and then made our way to the Pacific Coast. The Combination was headed for South America and they wanted me to go with them, but I declined. I was in the New World; I wanted to see something of it. Besides, my mother had come to New York. My father had died and she had become the wife of a well-known manufacturer of fireworks.

I took the first boat for San Francisco and then went to New York. My mother lived in a flat on Third Avenue. I had not seen her for nineteen years. She opened the door in answer to my ring. I stood before her and she did not know me.

"Who are you?" she asked.

I looked at her a moment and then I said: "I am your boy, Jules." She gave a cry and fell on my neck. Then she said:

"But you have changed a great deal. Where is the soft, silky hair you had when you were a boy, and what has become of your beautiful complexion?"

Sadly enough, my hard circus life had played havoc with my face. The Red Rattle, as the red paint which I used for the demon act was called, had left marks on my cheeks, and the close caps that I wore as clown had ruined my hair.

Then I inquired of my sisters. One of them, Millie, had become a great balancing trapeze artist and was with the Forepaugh shows; another sister, Jennie, was a bareback rider and was with the Sells Brothers' circus; my brother, Tom, was an acrobat and pantomimist and was with the Hanlons. I felt proud of all of them. They had not disgraced our name, but had maintained the family's best circus traditions.

I did some juggling for a time at the old London Theater on the Bowery, because I wanted to stay in New York near my mother. But the call of clowning was always about me. I played the Spanish clown in the big circus at Havana and then returned to the United States.

During all these years that peculiarly American institution, the circus, which was really an enlargement of the European idea, had been rapidly developing. The old circus kings were coming to their own; men like P. T. Barnum, Adam Forepaugh, John and "Yankee" Robinson and the Sells Brothers had shows out, and the Ringlings were making a start. All the circuses were wagon shows. They traveled from town to town in wagons. The performers slept in the wagons or snatched a few hours of rest at the local hotels before the parade. Those were the picturesque days of the circus. The start for the next town was usually made about three o'clock in the morning. Every wagon carried a big torch. The guide rode ahead in a buggy or on horseback. Sometimes the shows lost their way, and a farmer would be roused out of his slumbers. More than

one farmer nearly lost his wits as he poked his head out his window and saw the huge bulk of an elephant looming up in his front pasture. The cavalcade always halted outside the town and prepared for a triumphant entry, which was always made on empty stomachs and with sleepy eyes. The clowns then always drove mules in the parade and carried on a running fire of talk with the spectators. After the parade the canvasmen hurried to the lot, while the performers went to the hotel to eat—there were no cook-tents then—and to get a few winks of sleep. This was the routine every day. Railroad shows were unknown.

My first American engagement as clown was with the Burr Robbins show. It was a big wagon show. I was a talking and knock-about clown. When I made my first appearance under canvas—in Europe we never had tents—I had a queer sensation. I felt as if I had been moved to a different show world and was under a sea of canvas.

I found at once that the American circus-goer was not so responsive to clowning as the European. The average American, of course,



had more diversions than the average European. Besides, the European had seen many generations of clowns—in fact, had witnessed the whole development of his art.

I stayed with the Robbins show for a number of years. I found that to be a successful clown in this country you had to make local hits just the way the comedians did on the stage. Accordingly, I always made haste to get a local paper as soon as we struck a town, and found out what was

going on. It may have been a big trial, a tournament, a fair or some contest in which everybody was interested. Then when I made a reference to it I made a big hit.

That was the great clown era in this country. You may not think so, but we clowns have as much pride in our work as the most finished Shaksperian actor has in his. It gives me a thrill now to think of the great men of that day, for they are nearly all gone. Perhaps the first of the great American clowns was "Daddy" Rice. He was no kin to Dan Rice, who was a famous clown, too. Daddy was a blackface clown, and the blackface minstrel really developed from him.

Then there was Bill Walleth, as fine a clown as ever whitened face, who was keen, quick and agile. Al Miacco, who is still with us and the dean of our corps, was a Shaksperian jester. The circus-goer of today never saw a real king's jester in the circus ring, but there were many of them then. They wore the fool's costume and had cap and bells. Al Miacco studied for twelve years to be a Shaksperian jester. He knows more Shakspeare than any scholar I ever met. In the dressing-room he reads Byron and Irving. Yet he is a whiteface clown and makes grimaces at the crowd. John Gorson, George A. Fox, Joe Pentland, Dan Gardner and Dan Rice—all were famous clowns. They were real comedians, too. If you had put them on in a legitimate music-show today they would have made a great success, because they knew how to be funny in a natural way.

The Peter Jenkins Act

ONE of the most successful clown tricks of those days was known as the Peter Jenkins act, so named because a clown named Peter Jenkins first did it. The ringmaster and the clown came into the ring and the former made the announcement that Mademoiselle La Blanche, or any other high-sounding name, "the world's greatest equestrienne," would do her sensational act "as performed before all the crowned heads of Europe." Then a magnificent horse would be brought in, a real leader of the "rosinback" herd. The bareback horses are called "rosinbacks" because you have to spread rosin on them to hold the rider's feet. After the horse had pranced around the ring a commotion was heard in the "padding room," the tent where the trappings are put on the circus stock for the rings. It is just outside the main tent. Then an attendant came rushing in and whispered something to the ringmaster. He seemed much shocked and then announced:

"I am very sorry, ladies and gentlemen, to be obliged to announce that Mademoiselle La Blanche has been kicked by a horse and is unable to appear," whereupon the clown pretended to shed tears.

In a moment a man who was very seedily dressed arose from one of the seats among the spectators. He seemed to be under the influence of liquor, for he shouted:

"This show is a fake. I came here to see that lady ride and I won't be humbugged." With that he

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Coonrod Sprengel's Weather Book

TRUTHFUL HANS DOES HIS PART

By Elmore Elliott Peake

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM L. JACOBS



"Do You, for Instance, Happen to Remember Just What Kind of Weather We Had for the First Two Weeks of Last July?"

MR. SPRENGEL was not a bibliophile. His last purchase in the book line, in fact, had been a family Bible, the day after his marriage—for it was but meet and proper that a man and a woman, joining hands for life, should record that weighty fact in a volume of Holy Writ. This was thirty years before, and since then Sprengel's unvarying greeting to every book-agent had been: "I puy me no books, nefer." Hence, on the present occasion he kept his desk, barricade-like, between himself and the glib gentleman who had invaded his office. The faster the latter talked the faster Coonrod puffed on his meerschaum pipe, as if invoking a protective incense from its brown bowl.

Still, he did not deafen his ear to the agent as usual, for the book in question was about the weather; and if there was a subject on earth more interesting than another to Coony Sprengel it was this very one. On the farm his universal salutation had been: "Well, what you t'ink about the wedder for tomorrow?" and he had established a reputation as a forecaster throughout the length and breadth of Cherry Valley. Since his retirement to the village and his election to the honorable office of justice of the peace, the elements were no longer an immediate factor in his prosperity; nevertheless, his interest in them had never flagged. If anything, it had increased, for he now had more leisure for reflection and more opportunities for swapping opinions with other wisecracks. Yet—to buy a book!

"How many of those brognostications come true, you t'ink?—that iss the question," he interposed at last, blinking shrewdly from his cloud of smoke like a squid from its ink.

"Ninety-five per cent—by actual comparison with last year's reports of the United States Weather Bureau," answered the agent decisively. "Get a set of reports and verify my statement for yourself. If it is not true I'll forfeit a hundred dollars. Look here!" he exclaimed, drawing another book from his shabby little bag. "This is last year's edition of Doctor Philo's Almanac, Cyclopedia and Scientific Weather Forecast. Let us, in the absence of the United States reports, apply a little test of our own. Do you, for instance, happen to remember just what kind of weather we had for the first two weeks of last July?"

Now, this chanced to be a question—whether the agent knew it or not is another matter—which almost any child in Cherry Valley could have answered. The fore part of July was hay-harvest time, and for three successive years such heavy, unseasonable rains had fallen as practically to ruin the crop. Gloomy talk about "changed seasons" could still be heard on every side, and at the last meeting of the Grange the consensus of opinion was

that to try to raise hay another year would be folly. Hence Coonrod answered quickly:

"I guess I do remember. It rained like the tevil."

The agent turned with practiced fingers to the forecast for July, doubled the book back to back and with mute eloquence thrust it across the desk. "Read that!"

Coonrod read. In fact, he stared for a full minute at the following words: "July 1 to 7, cloudy, moist, interspersed with heavy showers. July 7 to 14, continued wet, precipitation even heavier and more continuous than for previous week."

"By chinks!" he exclaimed. "He could not have hit it straighter if he had waited till it happened already. Make it seventy-five cents and I puy that book."

The agent shook his head. "That would wipe out every cent of my commission."

Coonrod eyed the book longingly for another minute, listened to make sure that his clerk was not returning—for he desired to set no bad example before that young man—and then drawing a greasy leather poke from his pocket he slowly counted out three quarters, a dime, two nickels and five pennies. "But tell nobody about this," said he. "I do not like people to know I puy a book. They most likely call it voolishness, and I am a chustice of the peace."

Sprengel was nothing if not thorough, and he began his new book with a five-minute contemplation of the cover design, which represented a smartly-attired young farmer following a plow, with the customary flock of birds in the upper background. The result was a trifle disappointing.

"A man would be a tam fool to plow in so good a hat like that," murmured the justice to himself.

Nor was he much interested in the title-page, the copyright notice, the index and the assortment of miscellaneous information following—tables of weights and measures, population, election returns, male and female Christian names, a sample proof-sheet, proper forms for letters, antidotes for poisons, and directions for the resuscitation of drowning people. By this time it was four o'clock—his hour for going home and milking the cow, these short winter days—and he removed his silver-rimmed spectacles with a sense of having been defrauded of his dollar.

However, the next forenoon, on reaching Doctor Philo's chapter on meteorology, he began to take heart again. After poring for some three hours, with wrinkled brow, over the doctor's system of forecasting—which was based upon the relative position of the earth, sun, moon and stars, the variations of the magnetic needle, the recent occurrence of earthquakes, northern lights, tidal waves and sun-spots—his confidence in the book was quite restored. He was then ready for the monthly forecasts, into which he plunged joyously, chuckling to himself to think how he would put to rout, in the months to come, such veteran weather-prophets as Heine Pillersdorfer, Johnny Baumgartner and others.

Yet it was not until he reached July that he realized what a nugget of gold he had unearthed in buying this

book. Then he emitted a loud and sonorous "By chinks!" and brought his

hand down upon the desk with a tremendous bang which set his precious meerschaum to dancing.

Hans Dietz, the justice's clerk and general utility man, looked up inquiringly from an abstract he was verifying. Coonrod, recovering himself, said hastily: "I was chust reading somet'ing here which made me astonished. It iss nutting, however."

What he had read was this: "July 1 to 7, hot and dry, possibly a few scanty showers. July 7 to 15, continued hot and dry. No rain. Good hay-harvest weather." And what he had thought was, in effect: If everybody is going to plow his timothy under, thinking we shall have another rainy harvest, when I know we are not going to have one, why can't I make some money?

In fifteen minutes he had outlined a plan. But he by no means attempted to put it into operation at once. He was always a cautious man, and when it came to risking his money he was very, very cautious. Moreover, there was plenty of time. No meadows would be turned under before the middle of March or later, and this was only February 1. Meanwhile, he could follow Doctor Philo up from day to day and make absolutely sure of his trustworthiness.

When it came to actually testing the almanac the forecasts proved somewhat ambiguous. Such phrases, for instance, as variable winds, increasing cloudiness, precipitation light to normal, with a few heavy showers interspersed, and temperature fluctuating around a seasonable mean but with possible extremes on a few days in either direction, covered quite a latitude of weather. Moreover, the prophecies were not for individual days, but for periods including three to ten days; and frequently these periods overlapped one another for reasons not given. But Coonrod finally discovered that the way to work the puzzle was always to give Doctor Philo the benefit of the doubt. Doing this for the month of February the almanac showed a remarkable correspondence with the weather; and for the first time in his frugal, methodical, hard-working life Coonrod Sprengel made ready to speculate.

His little office, with its cheery stove and roomy chairs, was headquarters for half the rural population of the valley; and he made the first move in his game one day when old Fritz Grimmelshauser, muffled to the eyes in a red knit scarf, came stamping in to rid his boots of snow.

"Well, Fritz," said Coony cheerfully, after a due interval, "how much hay you goin' to raise dis year?"

"Not a tam shepar," answered Fritz heavily as he drew off his mittens to warm his hands. "No hay ver me. Oats iss mine."

"Why oats?"

"Need I say vy to any sane man after the tevilish teluges we haf had for t'ree year now?" demanded Grimmelshauser with some choler.

"It may be try dis year," suggested Sprengel.

"It can be so if it vants to, or it can be vet fer all of me," answered the other, lighting his pipe.

They chatted for half an hour, Coony knowing that he would have to bait his trap very skillfully to nip as sly an old fox as Fritz.

"Tell you what I do, Fritz, chust for excitement," said Coony finally. "My farm iss leased oudt now and of course I git my rent whedder it rains or shines. But I like to have a little venture in the soil all the time. Now, you leaf twenty acres of your meadow shtand. You mow it when I say mow and you put it in the stack. Then I give you twelve tollars an acre—no matter what the wedder, no matter whedder I git half a ton or two tons to the acre. What you say?"

Old Fritz smoked stolidly for a moment, trying to fathom Coony's purpose; for of course Coony's explanation of having a little "venture" in the soil was accepted for just what it was worth.

"If you git two ton to the acre you make some money," he finally observed.

"Yes. And if I git half a ton, like you been gittin' for t'ree years, I lose some."

"Of course," admitted Fritz. "What makes you t'ink it will dis year be try?"

"I didn't say I t'ink so. I am chust pettin' so."

"Well, I take your pet," announced Fritz.

The contract was immediately drawn and signed. "But say nutting to nobody,"



It was Still Pouring When the Cheerless, Belated Dawn Arrived

cautioned Sprengel. "I am a chustice of the peace, and I don't vant people to t'ink me a fool."

"Which they would," returned Fritz as he tucked the paper in his pocket. "The seasons haf changed."

As the old man thumped down the stairs Sprengel turned to his clerk. "Hans, if you tell any one what you hear today, or what you hear any udder day, you lose your chob. And if you lose your chob you canhot marry Katrina so soon already. Eh!"

"It iss so," meekly answered the lank, spectacled young Dutchman.

A man who has been working for five years at six dollars a week and trying to save enough to get married on is likely to be meek. Nevertheless, he was a good clerk and one who attended strictly to his own business. He saw nothing, heard nothing, in his master's office which was not meant for him to see or hear. At the same time, he was but human; and when he saw Sprengel contract for more hay acreage the next day, and more the next, and the next, from practically every farmer who entered the office, his curiosity began to simmer.

No one could imagine Coonrod Sprengel as gambling. He had never been known even to shake the dice for a glass of beer. Yet, by his own words, his present operations were nothing less than a bet—and a very foolish bet at that, in Hans' opinion. What could have wrought the change? Hans, who, until lately, had never known Sprengel to read anything but the weekly Volks-Stimme or an occasional paragraph in the statutes when a trial was pending, felt that he could lay his finger on the trouble. His master had been bewitched by the book in which he had his nose morning, noon and night!

What the book was about the clerk did not know. Nor was he destined ever to know, apparently; for whenever Sprengel was not reading the book he kept it under lock and key in a private compartment in the safe. But one afternoon a breathless boy burst into the office with the news that old Whitey had broken into the bran bin and could not be extricated. Whitey was a sixty-dollar cow, and Coonrod clapped on his hat and dashed off at express speed, leaving the almanac on his desk. Hans noted the fact with gleaming eyes; yet, not being a very venturesome fellow, he dared not touch the book or even go near it lest Coony, remembering his carelessness, might return suddenly and catch him in the act.

But Coonrod did not return, and at six o'clock Hans, instead of going to his boarding-house for his frugal supper, lighted a lamp and with a quickened pulse picked up the coveted book. That it related to the weather he was not surprised to find; he had suspected as much all along. But it was not until half-past seven that his near-sighted, deliberate search revealed the key to Coony's speculations, namely, the thumbed, soiled and pencil-marked page containing the July forecast. Hans was not the man to doubt anything which he saw in print, and he no longer wondered that his master should be buying hay.

Now, Katie Grimm, Hans' sweetheart, was the daughter of Otto Grimm, a prosperous farmer living four miles from the village. Of his eighty acres of grass land Otto had contracted forty to Coony Sprengel. The other forty he expected to plow under for oats, beginning the next day—all of which, to the last detail, was of course known to Hans.

For a moment the young man was sorely perplexed. Loyalty was one of the first laws of his nature; but in this case where was loyalty due—to his employer or to his future father-in-law? A little reflection made it clear that his saving Otto's forty acres of timothy would be no disloyalty to Coonrod Sprengel, and a few minutes later he was flying along the country road with Doctor Philo's Almanac in an inside pocket and his threadbare coat buttoned tightly across his chest—for to lose the book would place him in a deplorable position. As it was, he received a severe fright, for long before he reached Grimm's big white house a thunderstorm, the first one of the season and early at that, burst over his head. Knowing he would be drenched to the skin he regarded the ruin of the book as inevitable; but he finally be-thought him of his soft wool hat, and in this waterproof receptacle the precious volume came off without a drop.

If anything could have startled Otto Grimm it would have been the bareheaded, dripping, bedraggled apparition which appeared at his kitchen door at an hour when, according to the rigid Cherry Valley code, all honest people should at least be indoors if not in bed. But Otto, after admitting the young man, returned

to his cushioned rocker, replaced his stockinged feet on the warm hearth of the stove, took a puff at his pipe and calmly waited for his daughter's suitor to explain himself.

Hans did so as quickly as his breathless condition would permit and exhibited the almanac in corroboration of his tale. Grimm did not take the proffered book, nor did he speak at once. Haste was as repugnant to him as waste. He merely gazed at the bright eyes of the fire twinkling through the openings in the slide damper of the stove. But of course he was thinking.

"Listen to me," he observed finally. "Open to the place in dose book for March and tell me what wedder it say for tonight. Then we know more what to do next."

With his moist fingers still trembling from his unwonted exertions as well as from excitement, Hans turned to the page and read in a loud, strained monotone: "March twelef to sixteen, unusually varm, southerly vinds, showers, and most likely t'unner."

He paused significantly. At the same instant a livid, incandescent flash of lightning sheeted the windows, followed by a crackling report which made the tinware shiver on the shelf. It was startlingly like a divine certification of Doctor Philo's powers of prophecy, and even the phlegmatic Grimm emitted an exclamation in German.

"And you say Coony has bought him more as a t'ousand acres of timot'y already?"

"A t'ousand and two hunnerd. Here iss his memorandum in the pack of the book."

"The oldt fox! Now reat me again what the book says about hay-harvest wedder. And reat it shlow."

Hans read: "Chuly first to sefen, hot and try, possibly light showers. Chuly eight to fiteent, continued hot and try, no rain. Good hay-harvest wedder."

"Reat that last once more again," commanded Grimm.

"Good hay-harvest wedder!" fairly shouted Hans.

"Then, by Gott, I turn no timot'y unner dis year!" exclaimed Otto, with a vigorous slap of his thigh. For the first time during the interview he permitted himself a smile. But it soon faded at another thought. "Still, Coony vill make as much off my own landt as I vill myselluf and nefer lift a hand. I wass a tam fool to sign dose paper."

"Mr. Grimm, I advise you to try to buy oudt from that contract with Mr. Sprengel."

Grimm shook his head. "I have already t'ought of that. I doubt me if Coony would sell pack. He iss too smart. Why should he?"

"Yesterday he refused to puy some more hay even at ten tollars an acre," answered Hans. "I t'ink he has got in deeper as he intended to. If so, he might sell."

The rugged old Teuton cast a glance of admiration at his future son-in-law and, drawing his purse from a capacious side pocket, he fished out a quarter.

"You're a smart poy, Hans, and a good poy. Shpend dis money. I do not want you for to keep it. Have a good time. Puy you some gum-trops!"

Grimm was too shrewd to approach Coony on the heels of the thunderstorm, which of course had served only to confirm the latter's faith in the success of his speculation. Hence it was two weeks later before the farmer appeared in the justice's little office. Then it was not until he had smoked and talked and studied the picture of the great Von Moltke for half an hour that he broached the subject. "Coonrod," he observed carelessly, "I been t'inkin' some lately aboutt that contract wit' you."



The Bareheaded, Dripping, Bedraggled Apparition Which Appeared at His Kitchen Door

"Yes, of course," returned Coony suavely. "I suppose you haf turned your udder forty of grass unner by this time."

It was score one for Coonrod, for of course he knew that Grimm had not turned the timothy under, just as he knew what every other farmer in the valley had or had not done.

"Well, no," admitted Grimm. "I decite to let her shtand. It hass always been in grass since my grand-fadder's time, and Wilhelmina she t'ink it not lucky for me to put the plow in it. Nor do I t'ink so myselluf. But neider do I like to contract oudt my landt to anudder man. It iss not my vay. I had radder not now as done it."

"Twelve tollars iss a good price," reflected the justice. "It iss more as you have made off it in two years, since the seasons have changed."

"Yes." Otto realized that his opponent had again scored, but there was no help for it. "It iss more as I would make dis year too, I am t'inkin'. Shtill, as I say, it iss not my vay to farm, and I would like oudt of that contract to git. How much you want an acre to let me oudt?"

"How much you give?" asked Coony.

Hans, at his desk, pricked up his ears at the unexpected question. In spite of his suggestion to Grimm he had considered it highly improbable that Sprengel would for a moment entertain such a proposition. Grimm himself was rather taken by surprise, but he was careful not to let the fact appear, and smoked stolidly for some time.

"One tollar an acre," he finally ventured.

Coony laughed. "You do not want oudt as pad as you t'ink."

"Two tollars, den," bid Otto.

"Of course, I would like to oblige an old friendt. But pizness iss pizness, and two tollars—well, I would not look at it."

"I give you t'ree," said Grimm, rising with an air of finality. "And it iss all I will give."

"Then the contract still shtands," announced Coony, complacently knocking the ashes from his pipe. "For I will not take less'n vour."

"Will you take vour?" inquired Grimm, tossing his previous ultimatum to the winds.

"I will—shpot cash."

It cost the close-fisted, grinding Grimm many a pang to write that check for one hundred and sixty dollars and he was a long time about it. But it was the pain of the surgeon's knife voluntarily borne in the belief that it would save him a greater pain in the future. And, after all, it was a thing to be thankful for that Coony had let him off so cheap.

A peep into Doctor Philo's Almanac would have thrown some light on Coony's complaisance. Outside, the birds were singing



The Perfect Weather was Only a Tantalization

(Continued on Page 39)

Adventures in Home-Making

By ROBERT AND ELIZABETH SHACKLETON



It Isn't What a House is That Counts

WHEN we looked over the house, wondering whether we should make it our home, it was clear that it would demand both faith and works: a very strong faith and a great deal of work. But also, from the first, it was evident—and that was the saving grace of it all—that there were possibilities. "Hope told a flattering tale." We took the house. We planned, we contrived, we visualized. And the substance of things hoped for became gradually clear, and the evidence of things not seen was justified.

It was all so delightfully worth while! We had lived the renter's existence. We had learned the difficulty of looking into home-making happiness through another man's house. Now we were to try with our own.

To be a renter and to have ideas is discouraging. For, properly to live, one must be ready to adapt, to change, to improve; and one naturally hesitates to spend much money on another's property. Nor, even if a tenant should so spend, is there any certainty that the owner would consider an improvement an improvement. No man is a hero to his landlord.

It was doubtless out of unhappy experience that the old-time writer set down that ownership can make a bare rock into a paradise, whereas a rented paradise is likely to decline into bareness.

In picking out a home for ownership and afterward in altering, outfitting and furnishing it, it is not only one's own judgment that should be followed but one's own personality, one's own individuality. Throughout, let individuality be the household god. Noses were not given us to be led by; each man should follow his own.

The principles that govern good looks, attractiveness, fitness, are the same whether a house is owned or rented, the same whether a house represents millions or thousands or hundreds. Good taste is the same everywhere. Convenience is the same. Good looks are the same.

When the House is Thrown In

IT WAS on a day in the late fall that we set forth on our quest of a home. We had decided that the home should be suburban. Our aim, indeed, was at that delightful desideratum, a home of accessible seclusion; a home where we should have privacy and isolation, yet where we should, at the same time, be in easy touch with our friends, and whence we could readily go to the near-by city, whether by day or night. Gibbon loved to write that his home gave him scenery, seclusion and companionship—thus conjuring up a charming picture.

I—The Finding of the Home

We drove along attractive roads, we made trips by rail to this or that suburban point, we inquired freely, we watched for signs of "For Sale."

Very early we realized that our search should be confined within certain limits, and those limits were still more narrowed by observation. For one should choose where the neighbors will be people not uncongenial and where the houses will be at least as good as his own; if there is to be a difference, let them be better. And if, as is likely enough, such a neighborhood may be prohibitively expensive, go in the line in which that neighborhood gives promise of advancing. Go bravely among the pioneers, and the mountain will soon reach to Mahomet. Do not, tempted by cheapness, go into an inferior neighborhood or in a wrong direction. Within reasonable limits a home-seeker can usually get what he wants where he wants it. Hitch your wagon to a suburban star!

Our inquiries taught us many curious facts. One, which seems to set arithmetic at defiance, is that it is as cheap to buy a place of ten acres as of five. For when a place is of the size of ten acres or more the house is likely to be thrown in, or at least considered as a quite negligible feature, whereas, with five acres or less, the house will be figured at its full value.

This applies, of course, to houses that are not new. For any one whose resources are limited it is better to buy than to build, and better to buy an old house than a new, paying no attention to the cynically humorous averment that old houses mended cost little less than new before they're ended, for this need not at all be the case. It certainly will not be the case if the house has been wisely chosen.

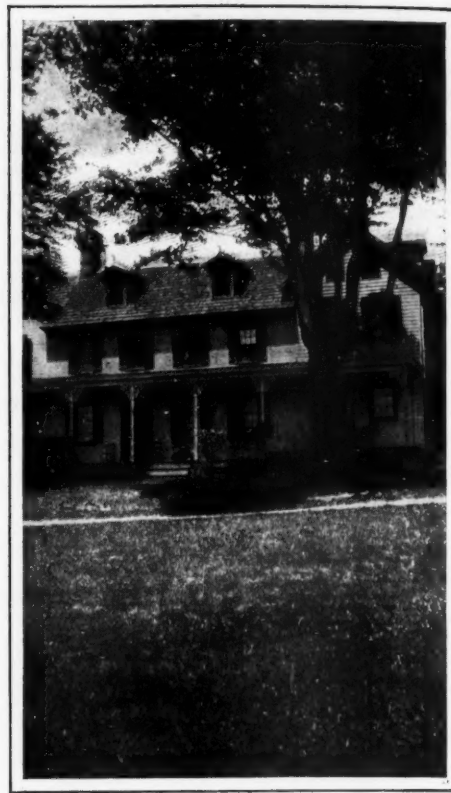
One house that we saw appealed to us very strongly. It long antedated the Revolution, and was of superb beauty in proportion and design, being, indeed, one of the most beautiful Colonial houses in any of the Northern States. Its interior was of spacious charm, with wealth of paneling, wainscoting and window-seats.

The Man Who Wanted a Home in a Hurry

THERE was reason to think it could be reasonably bought; but we did not buy. A railroad track ran near the house, giving noise and smoke, and we discovered that the railroad company had purchased heavily of land, giving threatening possibilities of switch yards and factories. And, too, though the neighborhood was good, with fine people and fine houses, there was that intangible something in the air which gave warning that the residential climax had been reached. We could not look on it as a place with a future. We felt that we must have something whose value should rise as the mortgage should fall. That the house was in evil case as regarded repairs was not so bad. If the price were right it would be a labor of love to rejuvenate and restore so much beauty.

It is well to be romantic in the buying of a home, for to secure one's own home is, rightly considered, one of the most romantic things in life. But, unless one chances to be independently rich, romance must needs be tempered by practicality. In buying a home there must be an eye on the future as well as the present, for at any time, on account of changes in business, or, perhaps, from sickness or disaster, a sale may be imperative—and then romance looms low. A friend put fifteen thousand dollars into a home on a romantic island. It was delightful. But only a year later he needed to sell, and found that nobody but himself cared fifteen thousand dollars for the whole island. That unsalable island may stand as a warning for discretion, for financial wariness. But wariness need not mean stinginess. It may, on the contrary, mean a higher preliminary cost. It is the proper appreciation of "the present value of a distant advantage," to use one of Macaulay's happy phrases.

The development of a city or a suburb is one of fact and not of theory. Theory may point in one direction as the best line of progress; fact may point in another. The theory may be well based, too; it may have been mere chance or whim that directed the fact contrariwise. But do not quarrel with facts. Do not buy to prop a falling neighborhood or to accelerate one whose impetus has ceased. At the same time one should not be over-cautious. There are times when it is both pleasant and profitable to yield to an impulse.



There was No Factory Chimney in Sight

A dweller in one of our Western cities found his health failing and, though far from wealthy, began to dream of retiring for the rest of his days. He was driving aimlessly one afternoon in the outskirts of the town. He drew up in front of a tiny old farmhouse to ask as to the direction of a neat old woman who was leaning against the rose-covered gate. He looked weary, and she asked him inside to rest. He was fascinated by the shiny neatness, the immaculateness of everything, the calico-covered chairs, the log-cabin quilt on the high-piled bed.

"How much will you take to move out and leave me everything just as it is?" he asked.

She called "Father," there were a few minutes of cautious sibilation, then: "Two thousand dollars."

The next day he wrote out a check, and the day after that he was enjoying his rest-place in the country.

The Ideal Suburban Neighborhood

IN OUR own case, the house-search was not so swiftly over; and yet it took but the spare time of a few weeks in all, for it was followed with definite purpose. We soon narrowed the possibilities, for our own ideas and needs, to a strip of territory bordering the railroad we had chosen. This strip gave promise of building up admirably, and yet was just beyond the zone of great expense.

Within that area every buyable house was carefully examined. There was no great number, for it was a neighborhood principally of large landholders, who lived on their own property and controlled its splitting up. Resident landholders stand for safety of development. They are bulwarks against unattractive allotments.

Our own taste runs to the old-fashioned, and within the region there were several places that it was possible to secure. It is not that we hold the old-fashioned to be better than the new, but always in such a matter there must be individual taste. It is fortunate that we don't all want the same thing. It is no drawback to a house to be built in 1909 instead of 1809. (But it makes it cost more!) Beauty and charm are always their own sufficient justification and are independent of years, although some periods are fecund of beauty and others are not.

One place was good, but too exposed to the north wind, without sheltering trees or shade of any kind. Another tempted, but there was no certainty of good water supply, even with the expedient of a windmill. The water used was from a brook into which went the drainage of one or two houses upstream. Another was attractive except that the barn was offensively in front of it, and we felt no



It is Better to Buy Than to Build

desire to be at the expense of tearing the barn down and building another. Others were too far from railway station or post-office.

At the same time we were prepared to put up, if necessary, with quite a degree of inconvenience for the sake of price, and in view of the expected accruing advantages of the near future. The moment that one demands all conveniences he should expect to pay an inconvenient price.

A house that much attracted us was charmingly situated in a valley. But our second visit to it was in the early evening of a dampish day and we found that rising mist had enveloped it, although the land above was clear and free. One house, otherwise attractive, was barred by factory chimneys that showed up gauntly in the middle distance. We gave that vicinage a wide berth, for one factory breeds another.

We found a charming old house, all of stone, set upon a slope and shaded by a highly pictorial pine. Although it had no door in its long and otherwise well-proportioned front, one of its windows could be made into a door with little consequent alteration of the interior. A disfigurement was a scraggly bit of fencing that ran close in front of the house, separating it from the field, but in a few minutes this could be torn down, adding materially to the air of dignity. A few great, old beams were still in the ceilings, and with more beams and with paneled oak there could have been great effectiveness. The place, however, was too far from a railway station and altogether away from a trolley. Furthermore, there was not a sufficiently good view to make one put up with the drawbacks.

The Business Side of House-Buying

ANOTHER house had a good front, except that the first floor was too high up on account of a sharp ascent, and that the too-high appearance of the house was accented by a peak between two dormers. By taking off the peak, however, and continuing the dormered roof line, with the addition of a dormer between the two already there, a vital improvement would be made and the apparent height reduced. Then, below, a well-filled-in terrace would relieve the too-high aspect of the first floor. But, in this case, the price was too high from our standpoint, on account of being near a populous suburb.

This house again pointed out the importance of being ready to make changes. It isn't what a house is that counts: it is what it may be made.

Most people, in buying, give a mortgage for part of the price. A man who is ready to pay forty dollars a month rent is usually ready to pay, on a home investment, at the

rate of fifty or more when full ownership is the goal. One should not figure on whether he is able to assume a debt of four thousand, eight thousand, fifteen thousand dollars, but whether he is in a position to face periodical payments that will gradually reduce that debt. This idea, practically realized, at once simplifies the situation.

It is even simpler than this. There is usually a considerable first payment made, and then, although in strictness a man is still paying directly or indirectly on the whole amount of the investment, he is facing actual payment of interest on a smaller and steadily-decreasing sum. His interest is like a rent—only that he finds himself paying far less than the sum for which he could rent such a property.

And always there is the asset of the property itself, which, if the chooser has been fortunate, is of a value steadily increasing. Sickness and disaster may come, but from disaster and sickness even the renter is not free.

A man buys an eight-thousand-dollar place. It goes up to a ten-thousand value, while his mortgage, beginning at, say, six, is reduced to five. Interest and taxes and repairs together then will amount to not over thirty dollars a month for a ten-thousand-dollar property. And in a few years the value may go to twelve thousand, while the mortgage gets down to three. Isn't it worth trying for?

We found that winter or late fall is the best time to examine property, for, with the leaves stripped from the trees, all barenesses and disadvantages of surroundings come into view. Then, too, is the time to see if roads are impassable and cellars puddly. In one fine house, a former Governor's home, we found chopping-block and milk-cans bobbing about in three feet of water. If one goes house-seeking in the suburbs in the apple-blossom season every prospect pleases.

"The house with the secret stairs," we called one, and it had a view hemmed in by softly-rising slopes. It was of stone, and well proportioned. Its face was toward the view, and its back, with projecting kitchen, was frankly toward the highway. Still, retaining the porch and the view, it was clear that the back of the house should be made its front, or at least its mode of approach. A kitchen should be built at one end. The "secret stairs" were picturesque; but, fascinating though it may be to reach an upper room by twisting one's self up in a corkscrew stair in a stone wall behind a cupboard door, it won't do to have this the only ascensional means. Between the house and the road, a garden suggested itself in place of a cabbage field, and it was clear that a towering hedge should be reduced to a less forbidding height.

Another house not far away also presented temptations, for it was near a railroad station, had good water supply, and was well built. It was, however, too tall for its width, and imperatively needed, from our standpoint, one more room on the ground floor. Its dormerless roof, too—it was the kind of house that needs dormers—would require reconstruction on a different angle before dormers could be possible. Inside, the stair was a disadvantage, because it came down between walls right at the front door, without a hall. All these disadvantages could be overcome by alterations, were the price sufficiently tempting. If one should save an extra thousand on price he could well afford to put it on improvements.

Always, one should look for convenience of churches and schools and markets, for these are points that are bound to be considered if it should ever be desired to sell. One



An Old House, All of Stone, Set Upon a Slope

of the old-fashioned English landscape gardeners wrote, long ago, that a church spire is indispensable "in an elegant landscape," and this elegant reason may be added to reasons utilitarian.

One cool day in early winter we came to a house on a hillside. We had seen other houses on hillsides, but this was different.

In the first place it was homelier. Frankly, it was ugly. And yet it was evident that there were possibilities. The center of the house was the part with merit, but this central portion almost failed to attract attention on account of the aggressive ugliness of the wings. And never was there a greater misuse of the word. Wings are supposed to be, in their very essence, things of beauty, of airiness, of charm; yet here were wings that were heavy, inharmonious, awkward, unsightly.

The Not Impossible House is Found

FROM the front of the house was a delectable and wide-spreading view. The frontage was delightfully toward the southeast. There was no factory chimney in sight; no factory within miles. There were no disagreeable neighbors. A railway station was accessible; a trolley was even a little nearer. And a trolley is often a great convenience for a suburbanite. The house had running water. It was above the rising of the evening mists. It was in the territory where we wished to settle. It was within three miles of a public library, and much nearer to schools and churches. It was shaded and sheltered by trees, and was of a seclusion as great as could be wished for by any but those who long for a lodge in a vast wilderness. And yet this seclusion was so accessible!

But the outward ugliness gave pause. A quarter of a century ago the appearance of the house, built of stone, had been marred by superposed castellations of galvanized iron, by these wooden wings impossibly gabled.

We went over the problem. Here were things to be done. Here were lines to be altered, unsightly things to be made sightly. But, after all, it was clear that it would be cheaper to alter what was in position than to take some building which would at once require additions. And it would be far cheaper than to build a new house from the ground up.

We took the house; to have and to hold, for better, for worse. We planned, we contrived, we visualized. And we found ourselves faced formally with a multitude of problems of alteration and adaptation, outdoors and in—we were, in truth, to find it a matter of faith and works.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton on the making of a home.



We Had Seen Other Houses on Hillsides, but This was Different



We Found That Winter or Late Fall is the Best Time to Examine Property

THE BLUE TEAPOT

A Manifestation by the Ancestors of
Calista and Thomas

By EDITH KEELEY STOKELY

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD



"Most Everything in This
World Belongs to
Boys," She Lamented

IT WAS evident from the time of her birth that great things were expected of Calista, and Calista was not the small person to disappoint any one. To begin with, Calista had a beautiful, youngish mother, possessed of a mass of shining red hair and a heritage of blue blood that made her everything from a Colonial Dame to a sixteenth remove from the throne of England. After this, she held office in the W. F. C., in the Fortnightly—whose conservatism was as the ice-bound circles of the North Pole—and was president of the city federation of Mothers' Clubs. Of the offices so ably filled by Mrs. Harvey McDowell Randolph perhaps none showed off her beauty, grace and mental attainments to better advantage than the Mothers' Club. To be sure, up to the time of Calista's birth she had had no means of knowing, first hand, what she was really talking about; but her reading had been so extensive, her intuitions were so sure and her theories so beautiful that the shade of Froebel himself might have listened with pleasure as she addressed the hushed meetings, a graceful figure gowned in diaphanous white, symbolical of the angelic purity of childhood.

Calista had another parent, of course. He was a Randolph, and he made all the money that wasn't inherited. Also he wore the half-whimsically apologetic expression for living that a man assumes for an instant when he mistakes a fire-alarm for a letter-box. He appeared dutifully upon such occasions as he was expected, wearing a puzzled manner and a perfunctory smile; but at his own clubs, of which there were several, he was an entirely different man.

Then there was Uncle Pete—Mrs. Randolph always called him Stuyvesant, which is neither here nor there, as he has nothing to do with this story—and Aunt Clotilde, at Bryn Mawr, and Grandmamma Randolph, who lived in Boston. Aunt Clotilde belonged to several advanced clubs herself and took the greatest interest in her small niece's advent, hurrying across three states to see if, at the age of two days, Calista could sustain her weight by her thumbs. As she could, it proved conclusively the origin and history of prehistoric man.

The casual reader can now see that, having been born into this remarkable family circle within circles, Calista was labeled as securely as a package of sweet peas, especially as she carried all her passports. There was the Randolph nose and the cleft McDowell chin and a tiny mole on the back of the neck that the best families of Massachusetts had proudly handed down for five generations. She could no more develop unpleasant eccentricities of character than she could have black hair when the Randolph hair was light brown and the McDowells' red.

At one year, Calista was a lovely human flower, the proud exponent of everybody's proudest fads and theories. At two, with the Randolph nose and cleft McDowell chin well to the front and the mole not grown smaller, certain peculiarities not before known to the best families of Massachusetts began to develop—as, upon all fours, openly eating from the puppy's plate; expressing herself in short, choppy barks; and, upon occasions, squeezing her fat little body into the dog-kennels for a brief day-dream.

It was bewildering, even perplexing, but Mrs. Randolph was sure it was not ancestry, and she satisfied Aunt Clotilde that it couldn't be prenatal influence. It might be sought for along the lines of soul-development.

At three, Mrs. Randolph was sure it was soul-development. Calista, arrayed as an angel, in a celestial damask

table-cloth and an imported Austrian lampshade, shattered the heavenly crown into bits while flying off the clothes-chute. "Wasn't it beautiful?" recounted Mrs. Randolph enthusiastically. "She said she was flying up to Heaven, and I really hadn't the heart to scold about the lampshade, the precious dear." She quoted the incident at the next mothers' meeting as an instance of soul-development and Heaven-instinct implanted in the child.

At four, Calista began to talk like the cook (withal a worthy woman), and, more often than not, carried her hands on her hips. It was not, however, until after she had invoked Heaven to witness that she was becoming rheumatic that Mrs. Randolph could see for herself that soul-development had gone far enough and must be promptly arrested. Calista was provided with a governess, and then Mrs. Randolph, groping blindly for the cue, really arrived at the root of the mischief.

Reluctantly assuming that, after all, it must be in the blood, she took down the genealogical records for the hundredth time, traced back with a pink tapered fingernail one hundred and fifty years, and there, seated smugly on the end of a bough of her own family tree, was an ancestor who had written a celebrated poem on grapes, while on a spreading branch on the Randolph preserves was another ancestor, eight removes back, who had been an actor before he was a barrister! So there it was in a nutshell. Calista had imagination! She was the exponent of an almost forgotten heritage of art and feeling. Mrs. Randolph decided promptly, with a happy sigh, that Calista must have every chance. Her mind must be guided at once from the dog-kennels and the cook's eccentricities to the higher world of fairy lore and classic literature.

It has been intimated before that Calista had a grandmother, no less a personage than Mrs. Luther Leicester Randolph, the human treasure-vault for much of the accumulated Randolph wealth. She was an autocratic lady with a silvery pompadour, silken skirts and an entire freedom from the taint of either imagination or humor, who traveled extensively with her maid and paid annual visits to her son. These visits were regarded as significant epochs. Calista had left the puppy episodes far behind, however, and was growing tall on classics before her grandmother came to give her any individual consideration.

"You have the Randolph features, my dear," the autocratic lady vouchsafed upon this occasion, surveying the small figure beneath her glass with a momentary gleam of interest. "If it were not for your hair, which you get from your mother, I should say you might be my own sister Amanda when she was your age. Yet I see much of your father, too."

The little figure on the big Colonial sofa stirred uneasily and sighed. "He is not my father," she said sorrowfully.

Madam Randolph, who was in the act of lowering her eyeglass, hastily adjusted it again with a gasp of astonishment.

"What's that?" she said.

Calista drew her little figure out of the embrace of the Colonial settee. "He is not my father," she repeated mournfully. "Grandmamma, these are not my parents: I am a stolen child!"

Madam Randolph sat stiffly upright, quite helpless and without speech. She could not know, of course, that the ancestor of the grape poem was prompting the lines, while the actor ancestor was holding the boards.

"It was a very, very long time ago," trailed on the sorrowful voice in the apoplectic silence. "We lived in a deep, deep wood in a beautiful castle with hundreds and hundreds of windows that glittered like gold in the sun, and purple shadows crept up all around at night. My beautiful mother had hair that glistened like gold and hung to her feet like a veil. Her name was Editha Patricia. Then cruel, cruel men stole me away and for a long time I could remember nothing. Dear Grandmamma, I am not what I seem to be. These people are not my parents. Will you help me to find my own angel mamma?"

Mrs. Luther Leicester Randolph's face had taken on a surprising number of hues during this recital and she still sat speechless, but an approaching rustle of skirts seemed to restore her to a semblance of herself. "Luella," she cried, "who is responsible for the nonsense this child has been telling?"

Calista's mother, in the doorway, was smiling bravely. "We have been reading child classics to her, mother. Her imagination is really something wonderful, you know."

"Imagination!" sniffed Madam Randolph. "I should call it lies, and it is not what I should expect of the bringing up my son's child should get. Ring for my maid. My nerves are perfectly unstrung and I shall take the first train back to Boston. I do not wish to be unpleasant, Luella, but I cannot think the Randolph blood ever developed anything like this. As for the remedy, I should advise a good, old-fashioned spanking."

A thousand miles away, seated in a little red kindergarten chair and quite unaware that anywhere in the world he had a running mate, Thomas, who, it may be stated, had also a wide choice of ancestors, sat with his eyes glued to the lips of the boy in the green blouse and waited for inspiration. The boy in the green blouse was not as was Thomas. His necktie hung limply in a long end and his stockings wrinkled down over his shoes. But the knowledge of affairs the boy in the green blouse possessed was prodigious. The class had finished singing These Are the Merry, Merry Little Men and the paper-cutting was over, and now the teacher stood before the class dangling a number of alluring paper caps.

"Now remember, children, every one who wants to be a rainbow fairy must tell me the colors very clearly and promptly. This one?"



"He is Not My Father," She Said Sorrowfully

Thomas wished to be a rainbow fairy. He wished to be one very much indeed. So he gazed intently away from the colored cap and at the lips of the boy in the green blouse. The wise one's cheeks were puffing out. "P — he began.

"—Urrple!" shouted Thomas triumphantly.

"I think Hermann spoke first," decided the teacher sweetly, and past Thomas' extended greedy clutch the cap was passed to him of the green, who straightway rose and became a rainbow fairy.

The one of prodigious knowledge gone, there was no further inspiration, so Thomas sat with his legs extended straight before him and made vicious lunges at a crack in the floor with his heels. Two more boys and four girls claimed their own and became rainbow fairies, flitting about the room in a very rapture of happiness.

It was time for the Color Fairies' song, but the teacher would first lead her flock a little farther up the warm, sunny highlands of imagination.

"Children," she began, "these are the lovely color fairies"—indicating the ethereal seven. "They have dropped down to us from the rainbow. You know their names—now, all together: Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Purple, Violet. We shall sing a song to them presently, and perhaps they will be so pleased they will stay a little while to listen. But we must sing very sweetly and gently or we may frighten them away. Yes, Thomas? What is it?"

Thomas' legs were under him now. He had been led to the very hilltops of the sunny land, and he stood with the proud attitude of the inspired orator.

"I saw a rainbow once. It came right down on to the ground and more than a thousand rainbow fairies were sitting on it."

"Y-es?" said the teacher rather uncertainly.

"And I caught hold of the end of it and it commenced to go up—up —" Thomas was going up on his toes, and his small hand was scalloped aloft toward the ceiling. It was a thrilling moment. Even the boy in the green blouse stilled his airy gyrations for the climax.

"And it went up—up—and at last it flopped its tail and threw me right into Heaven."

"That will do, Thomas," said the teacher decidedly. "You may sit down."

"And all the rainbow fairies fell off —"

"Thank you, Thomas, that will do."

"And the angels cheered and hollered —"

"We'll sing the color song now—all ready."

"An' God was cheerin' and hollerin' —"

"Thomas! Thomas Elliot Woodbury!" shrieked the teacher, her pink palms clapped over her ears. "Sit down—sit down instantly! You are telling wicked, wicked falsehoods. You may stay after school, Thomas."

Calista and Thomas had added several seasons' growth to limbs already beginning to lengthen when the Fates brought them together at a summer resort. The visible medium in the affair, however, was Aunt Clotilde.

"Dearest Harry," she wrote—the aforesaid "Harry" was Thomas' papa—"I am here at this delightful spot on the Michigan coast with Calista, whose parents will remain in Europe several weeks yet. Can't you bring the dear boy up out of that sweltering Kansas City and leave him with me? I really ought to get acquainted with the little fellow, you know, as a boy of nine is apt to have opinions of his own. And you really need a bit of a rest yourself, dear.

"Ever lovingly your CLOTILDE."

There were other things in the letter, of course, that were nobody else's affair—for Aunt Clotilde, having met Thomas' papa in the East several months before, had consented to become a loving stepmother to Thomas at no distant day. And so it came about, very naturally indeed, that the Two of Surprising Adventures sat upon the sands and clasped their knees in a very abandonment of ennui at the level prospect.

"I hate waves," said Calista gloomily. "We can only go in bathing once a day, and sand houses are child's play. If there were hills and rocks, now, we could pretend there were robbers' dens and have Indian fires and play Ali Baba and lots of things."

Thomas gazed sadly out over the waste of waters without dissent. His wings also were cloyed with the heaviness of things. He was not even a little bit in love with Calista, though she was very charming in blue bloomers, with a white butterfly bow standing out over each ear. Thomas was always in love with somebody—sometimes several persons at once; but though at the present time there was nobody to claim his affections, somehow Calista was so unpleasantly positive in her ways it was a constant shock to his masculine feelings. He had tried to love Calista, too. He couldn't understand it. Thomas, of course, knew nothing of the law of opposites.

At this juncture of hope at its lowest ebb it was Calista, at length, who received the illumination. There was

me to choose? You'd be afraid of the old man in that shanty. He's awful. He walks all bent like this, and he's fearfully cross. He brings vegetables to the hotel."

"Pooh, I know him," said Thomas stoutly, but not without an inward quake. "His name is Patrick O'Halloran. He couldn't scare me. Besides, maybe he won't be home."

It was necessary shortly for Calista so far to forget proper motherly concern as to boost her wayward son on his way up the vines on the forbidden quest, and she further impaired the realism of the scene by adjuring him at the last: "Now, if he's there and you're afraid, come back and let me be Jack." To which Thomas, with dignity, answered nothing at all, his scarlet legs already moving slowly up the slope, threading the path between rows and rows of cabbages that bloomed like giant roses before the giant's door.

It was a squat little house painted a dull red, with an added lean-to for the accommodation of rakes, hoes and spades, humble implements with which the man with the bent shoulders wrested an humble living from three acres of land. Thomas had been so preoccupied with the bitterness of Calista's parting insinuation that he was surprised to find the cabbages abruptly terminating and a weather-beaten door suddenly obtrude itself. His knuckles brushed the panels like a bird's wing, while his heart beat like a knocker.

The giant's wife opened the door. Thomas knew her instantly. She was very tall and her hair was grayer than he remembered having seen it in the pictures. Her face was strangely bleached of color and she had very red lips which she was constantly moistening. It was her lips that made Thomas afraid!—if only they had not been so red!—they made him think of blood. Then he was surprised to hear his own voice very, very far away, inquiring politely, "Is this where Mrs. Black lives?"

"Mrs. Black?"

"Mrs. Blackie," amended Thomas with no reason at all. "Mr. and Mrs. Blackie. Are they at home?" He was growing braver now, with the sudden thought of the path of the cabbages that stretched straight behind him.

"No, darlin'," said the giantess in the softest Irish voice imaginable. "There's no Blackies here. This is Patrick O'Halloran's house. Step in out o' the sun, darlin', do. Go out wid you, Peter. Shoo!"

While Thomas was hesitating, Peter, the black pig, neatly divided the red legs and went in himself. After a quarter of a minute of sullen meditation he came out again, stepping down the exact center of Thomas, who had not yet recovered his upright position. The giant's wife followed to divert the animal's intention from the cabbage rows, and an exciting chase followed.

Thomas, with the adventure still cloying his nostrils, breathed scantily by the unguarded portal and gazed lovingly toward liberty; but, with the returning footsteps of his hostess, moved by instinct rather than preconceived plan, he popped under the bed.

Under his low roof of spiral springs Thomas ceased, after a time, from worrying about his own immediate future and fell to idly watching the woman's feet as they moved back and forth over the floor as she prepared the evening meal. How did the man with the bent shoulders get so? Why did he always mutter to himself? Was it easier to dig and hoe with his back like that? Did he—He was coming now. Or was it the pig? No, it was the man. Calista had said he was an awful cross man. Calista would be afraid. She was no coward—for a girl—but she couldn't help being afraid. Maybe she'd think more of him after this and not be quite so bossy—that is, if she ever saw him again.

Giant O'Halloran and his wife dispatched their meal with a simple communion of spirit that needs no communion of words. It was only when he had finished and pushed back his chair that the giant remarked:

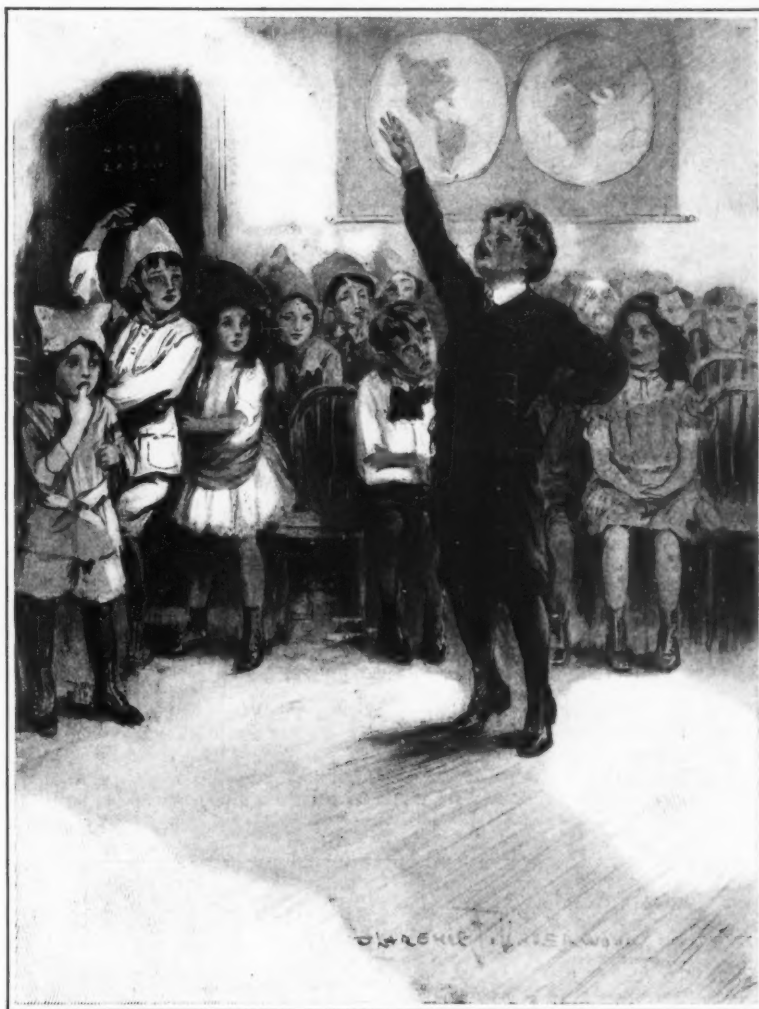
"The potatoes is runnin' young f'r the hotel. They'll take no more f'r a while."

"I wonder do they want chickens tomorrah day?"

"Five pairs," said Giant O'Halloran. "We'll pick thim tonight. Gorra, but it's hot! Hand me down the blue teapot."

There was the chink of money. It was counted and then the teapot was restored to the shelf. Next Thomas, under

(Concluded on Page 38)



"And it Went Up—Up—and at Last it Flopped its Tail and Threw Me Right into Heaven"

nothing more to suggest it than Patrick O'Halloran's dun-colored shanty, topping a gentle slope on the face of the landscape which got tired of trying to be a hill and descended abruptly into a loosely-constructed stone wall, beginning at one end eight feet high and ending nothing at all. Over this graduated precipice, vines and shrubs had caught hold between the rocks to show what a poor little hillock and a commonplace, properly-clad wall could do in the way of scenic diversion, and toward this Calista's inspired gaze was now directed.

"Do you know what that place makes me think of, Thomas? Oh, yes, you do. Guess."

"The deadly Upas?" suggested Thomas, gazing stupidly at the vine and struggling with the mental inertia that lay heavy upon him.

"Why, it's as plain as the freckles on your nose," went on Calista scornfully, with the manner Thomas didn't like. "That's the Giant's House, way up in the sky, and there is the Beanstalk climbing over the wall."

The discovery, now it was made, was so obvious that Thomas, who had risen to his feet to make sure, sat down again in the sand with intent to restore the landscape to its real physiognomy if it could be done. Calista seated herself beside him with suddenly diminishing enthusiasm.

"Most everything in this world belongs to boys," she lamented. "The women always have to stay at home or be sleeping princesses or something like that. Of course, I can pretend I'm a boy, though. My bloomers would do."

"I won't be the mother," said Thomas with proper masculine spirit.

Calista eyed him disapprovingly. "Thomas, you're beastly selfish," she adjured. "Why don't you wait for



"Don't You Know I'se Got er High Temper an' Liable to Bus' You Open?"

COOTER hurried through the swamp with the patent-leather visor to his cap pulled close above his eyes. Briars snatched at his coat; swinging grapevines reached down to catch his neck, but the negro dodged them all with crafty ease. February twilight had already begun to darken those mysterious glades where daylight never shone. Grannies told shivery stories of Boggy Slough, and Cooter had no notion of letting night overtake him in a hoodoo-haunted solitude. Suddenly he heard a thump-thump—thump-thump in the brush. Cooter stopped and gasped. Then he laughed. "Shucks! 'tain't nothin' but ole Molly Cottontail thumpin' de ground wid her behine legs. I done skeered her same as she skeered me." Cooter knew all the ways of wood-creatures, and no harm ever came of a rabbit, if he didn't cross your path. Even then you could turn back and break the charm.

This path was a mere instinct, not a beaten way, yet he followed it unerringly. As Molly Cottontail didn't cross, the negro kept on. A screech owl hooted—like a tremulous shudder. Cooter took a quick step and glanced behind him. It put him in mind of old Squint-eye, and Cooter hated to think of Squint-eyed Pap while he was passing through this swamp, especially when the shadows gathered and the owls began. His mammy used to scare him with tales of the potent "conju'-man" who came down in this very swamp and changed skins with the devil.

Years ago while Cooter was fishing in Boggy Slough he heard distressing cries from a jaybird and a beating of wings. "Huh! blacksnake dun foun' her nest," he thought, and pushed cautiously through the vines. There was the mother-bird, darting down and flying back again; but Cooter saw no snake. "Dat fool bird is makin' heap o' miation furnothin'." Then the little negro stopped, paralyzed, his blackness fading to an ashen gray. There, right before his bulging eyes, was old Squint-eye crouching like a shriveled mummy and squeezing the life out of a tiny jaybird. All the while he muttered something to the mother-bird, awesome words which Cooter did not understand. Ole Squint-eye was stone deaf and couldn't hear it thunder, but Cooter never broke a twig in getting out of there. He dropped his fishing pole and vanished from the swamp like a fleeting shadow. "An' dis is on a Friday, too," he breathlessly reminded his daddy when he got safe home.

"Yes," his father answered; "I speck ole Squint-eye war tryin' to make dat jaybird tell 'im sumpin' 'bout de debbil's bizziness."

It was this recollection which made Cooter step lively when the sun slanted low across the swamp of Boggy Slough. He shouldered through the high cane and emerged in an open space where the upturned roots of a cypress waved a thousand skinny fingers in the air. He crossed on the prostrate trunk and wormed his lean body in and out among the branches on the farther side. Climbing the sloping bank, he paused at the edge of the clearing. Before him stretched the open country, daylight, cabins and human creatures. Cooter straightened and began to sing:

*Ole gray hoss come a-tearing out de wilderness;
Kickin' up dust an' tendin' to his bizziness.*

He sang very softly, his own business being of a character that was best transacted without a brass-band accompaniment. For a moment or two he looked about him, from force of habit, as he always preferred to see other people before they saw him. Nobody being in sight he struck a trail that led through a dense second-growth of cottonwoods that had taken possession of an abandoned field. There were ten or fifteen acres of this deadening; giant trees—white, limbless

THE CHARMER

A Trade, a Trade Back and a Separation

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

and charred at the base—stood out like marble monuments against the darkened forest.

"Sho' is lonesome—same as a graveyard. Ain't nobody wukked dis land sence ole Squint-eye died."

Cooter shuffled on more nervously as he approached a tumble-down shack where the "conju'-man" had lived. From the first moment it came in sight his eyes never wandered.

He watched, and was ready to run. The roof had rotted away; its blackened rafters seemed like naked ribs, and a gable window put Cooter in mind of an empty eye-socket. He passed the cabin unscathed, but kept looking back over his shoulder. Just as he felt safe, and turned his head away, Cooter heard a squawk—one strangling squawk from behind the weather-beaten door. He bounded away, like a mule shying at a paper, then stopped and listened: "Twarn't no witch-hen, 'cause 'tain't de thirteenth o' de munt —" But it was a hen—his expert ear made sure of that. Cooter dodged into the brush while he turned the matter over in his mind. Darkness had not yet fallen, and curiosity about that squawk drew him like an irresistible lodestone toward the cabin. Then he noticed three new clapboards which had been nailed across the window; this made him smile. "Hants don't nail clapboards cross no window." That was done by humans. Why? Prudently putting the trunk of a big tree between himself and the window he dropped on hands and knees and crawled. Once the man inside passed the window, and Cooter recognized him. "Dat's Hoss-fly."

He stood erect without fear, and leaned his elbows on the window-sill. For several minutes he continued watching the other negro who was feeding a fine lot of yellow chickens.

"Hello! Hoss-fly."

The other negro sprang up from the floor. "Who! who! whut you mean, Cooter, a-sneakin' up on me like dat?"

Cooter laughed. "I didn't aim to sneak up on you. I heerd a chicken squawk, an' I knowed twarn't nobody had

no chickens roun' here. Dem's mighty fat hens," he added by way of smoothing the other's wrath.

Hoss-fly said nothing.

"Whar'd you git 'em?" Cooter put an embarrassing question which no gentleman should ask, but Hoss-fly answered promptly, "Swapped fer 'em wid a shanty-boat man. You 'member dat saller-completed white feller what used to run er fish-dock at de mouf of Narrer Bayou? When de high water come he drapped on down de ribber, an' didn't hab no way to take his chickens. So he traded 'em to me fer a skiff."

"I sho' do love dem yaller chickens," Cooter soliloquized aloud. "I jes' itches fer 'em."

"Look here, Cooter, don't you come aroun' here itchin' fer dese chickens; ef you feels yo'self itchin' jes' go off somewhar an' scratch. Soon as dey gits used to de place I'se gwine in de chicken-raisin' bizziness."

Cooter leaned in at the window admiring the plump pullets, all exactly alike with fluffy feathers. But for the life of him he couldn't think where they had really come from. Being personally acquainted with every hen-roost for twenty miles around he could never have overlooked such prodigies. It hurt his pride that this old knock-kneed, flat-eared Hoss-fly should have beaten him to the prize.

"My chickens is black," Cooter volunteered; "dese black fellers wid white gills."

"Dey's Hamburgs? Dese is Cochins." Hoss-fly had the names pat.

"Yes, dat's it."

"Hamburgs is de bes' layers what is," said Hoss-fly.

"Dat's so; dem hens gits powerful busy when it comes to fillin' up a nest. But I ain't got no way to raise 'em like you is. Yo' wife kin tend to 'em so good."

Hoss-fly had private reasons for thinking quickly and talking slowly. "How many you got?" he asked.

"Fifteen."

"I bet my dozen'll weigh more'n yo' fifteen."

"Speck dey will; mine's trim-built and spry. Dey runs mo' to aigs an' fightin', an' yours runs to meat. My sister raised 'em in a gravel-pit; dat's how come dey got so much grit in dey craw. How long you had yours in here?"

"Three days."

"Laid any aigs?"

Hoss-fly shook his head.

"Mine lays seben and eight aigs every day—sometimes mo'; dat's why I hates to kill 'em. Ef I had anybody to nuss 'em I could raise more'n a hundred little chickens in two munts—I done counted it up. 'Pears like you and me is got dese chickens twisted. Here I is, hankerin' fer chicken meat, an' you is wantin' aigs, an' —"

"It do look like we ought to swap," Hoss-fly gave his consent so quickly that it clinched Cooter's suspicions.

"What you keepin' 'em down here fer?"

Hoss-fly had a reason on the tip of his tongue: "I ain't got no coop, an' I knowed twarn't no nigger gwine to be foolin' aroun' ole Squint-eye's cabin atter dark."

Hoss-fly began to consider another complication. Since Cooter knew that his chickens were here maybe his superstitions wouldn't hold out against "yaller-legged" chickens. Cooter seemed to understand what was passing in the other's mind, for he struck the iron while it was hot.

"Look heah, Hoss-fly, yo' chickens is heaver'n mine, an' mine is better layers than yours. S'posin' we swap? Den I'll kill dese an' take 'em to Vicksburg. I kin git twenty cents a pound fer 'em."

"Whar'd you say you got dem chickens?"

"My sister raised 'em in Claiborne County—hatched 'em so fas' det dey overflowed her yard, an' she had to git shet of 'em."

That sounded reasonable; Hoss-fly knew there wasn't a black Hamburg within twenty miles of Boggy Slough.

Then Cooter commenced to talk business. "S'posin' we jes' carry dese chickens down to my house, an' time you set yo' eyes on dem black uns you'll say, 'Cooter, less swap.' Co'se ef you don't like 'em 'twon't be no harm done, an' I'll he'p you fetch 'em back."



"You Sho' is er Chicken Charmer"

Treating the trade as closed, Cooter came around and entered the door. Hoss-fly leaned against the window trying to digest the situation. Cooter asked no more questions, but began looking round for a cord.

"Dar's de strings," Hoss-fly pointed to a nail in the wall, where he had hung the strips of "domestic."

Hoss-fly stood and watched while Cooter—past-master of his art—caught the pullets and bound them together in bunches of three. There was no cackling and no fluttering, not a sound; the skillful negro sauntered up beside each unsuspecting fowl, and reached down with an arm swifter than a flash of light. He handled them so quietly and with such soothing reassurance that they seemed glad to be tied, and lay perfectly still upon the floor. Hoss-fly felt jealous at the trustful confidence that they gave to Cooter and withheld from him.

"Nigger, you sho' is er chicken charmer—neber seed er nigger wid sech winnin' ways."

Cooter stepped out into the clearing and cut a pair of sassafras poles. Trimming these carefully he tied a bunch of chickens at each end of each pole, settled his own comfortably on his shoulder and motioned for Hoss-fly to take up the other. "Ketch step, ole man, an' we'll git dar befo' hit's pitch-dark—'tain't so awful bright whar we're a-gwine." In every expedition there must be a leader, and Cooter immediately took command.

"We ain't gwine throo dat swamp." He turned into a disused plantation road and made a wide detour to avoid Milly Jenkins' cabin. Hoss-fly followed without a word.

Cooter's cabin stood on a little ridge; the left fork of the path led up to its door. But Cooter turned to the right and headed straight for the canebrake. He laid down his burden so quietly that the chickens never murmured, and lifted aside a clump of brush that concealed an opening.

"Hurry up, Hoss-fly; don't stand dar all day."

The two pressed forward about a hundred yards through the cane. There was light enough yet in the heavens for Hoss-fly to see that a space forty feet square had been cut out of the cane, and a wicker fence skillfully made, with a plaited protection over the top. Hoss-fly gazed at this marvel of genius, but he said nothing. Cooter opened the gate, stepped inside his coop and beckoned Hoss-fly to enter. Then he pointed to the row of black chickens on the roosts.

"Ain't dey beafts?"

"Sho' is," assented the other.

Cooter proceeded upon the assumption that Hoss-fly had agreed to trade. Before the slower negro could decide which hen to take first Cooter's nimble fingers caught and tied all fifteen, and had them ready for removal. "Come along now. Less git out o' here. You take dese." He pointed Hoss-fly to the entire bunch of yellows, while he prepared to carry all the blacks.

"What you gwine to do?"

"Gwine to leave dese yaller chickens up to my house—dey ain't breedin' chickens, you know, an' I don't care if dey do mix wid dem dunghills what I got at de house. You see, nigger, you can't be too keerful wid broodin' chickens like dese black Hamburgs."

This satisfied Hoss-fly. He was overjoyed with any arrangement which relieved him of those dangerous yellow fowls whose owner was searching for them. If they were found in Cooter's possession nobody would believe such a notorious liar when he said he had got them from Hoss-fly. Much the same line of logic passed through Cooter's mind. So there was no baggling in the trade, and the two friends labored out of the canebrake under their heavy loads. Cooter stopped at the entrance and carefully replaced the brush that hid his secret treasure house.

Cooter transferred the yellow chickens to his own henhouse—that most unusual possession for a negro in the swamp. He passed those sleepy pullets to their roosts about in the same manner that roustabouts load brick on a steamboat—one continuous stream, and 'twas done.

Hoss-fly was not half as stupid as he looked. While Cooter was busy nothing escaped his dull eyes, and he filed his information for future use.

"Hurry up, Hoss-fly; we'se burnin' daylight. I'll he'p you carry yourn home."

They divided their burden and took up the return journey to Hoss-fly's cabin, repeating the silent slander against Milly Jenkins by leaving her field far to the right.

"Dat ole nigger's got er tongue like er bell-clapper on er frisky mule," Cooter remarked. "I jes' nacherly hates to give her sumpin' to talk about."

Hoss-fly grumbled to conceal his intense satisfaction. Fifteen chickens for twelve was a pretty good trade; better than that, his new possessions were black and bore not the slightest incriminating resemblance to a yellow dozen that made him sleep uneasily. Cooter's reputation would instantly discredit any story that he might tell. Altogether, Hoss-fly was well pleased, and walked with his head high in the air.

"Less take 'em up to my house," he suggested. "'Tain't no sense projeckin' round ole Squint-eye's cabin dis time o' night."

Cooter asked no questions. Hoss-fly might put his own chickens where it suited him. Just so they were not found in Cooter's possession; that was all Cooter cared.

"Jes' set 'em down in de seedhouse—Cooter; needn't untie 'em. Dey'll be safe enough tonight."

"Better untie 'em," Cooter insisted. He put those strings in his pocket for fear of future identification. In some lines of business a man must be careful as to details. When this was done Cooter did not tarry, neither did he go near the cabin where Hoss-fly's wife or children might see him. But he did stop to pat the dog. He wanted Bulger to see him and remember him. Even a dog's friendship is worth cultivating.

When Cooter left Hoss-fly's house he struck a bee-line through the woods, true as a homer-pigeon's flight. There was never a night so dark, briers so thick, nor paths so tangled that Cooter couldn't have aimed a rifle at the little egg-shaped stove in the rear of Ellerslie Store. Big-bugs and city folks had their clubs and their cafés, religious people flocked to the churches, home-lovers smoked on their doorsteps, but Cooter and his kind satisfied their human needs by gathering around the chummy little stove in the back part of a plantation store.

Having successfully engineered the first half of a complicated transaction, Cooter took his accustomed seat on a soap box and let his mind run free in a riot of frivolity. Elder Russ had the floor, and ponderously argued the problem of creation. His battered beaver hat had tilted backward with the earnestness of his gestures, and he stopped aghast at the presumption of this new nigger who challenged the correctness of his theology.

"De way I reads it," Cooter interrupted with the emphasis of certainty, "all folks was born black—white folks, niggers an' all, ev'ybody jes' alike. Dem what's done turned white dey jes' had mo' sense dan de niggers."

Elder Russ' hand dropped slowly to his side as Cooter caught the attention of his congregation. Cooter had the gift of gab, and talked on without a pause. "De Angel



Elder Russ Had the Floor

o' de Lord come down from Hebben an' tolede entire bunch to meet on de foth Friday, in de dark o' de moon, an' wash deyselves in Jordan. He 'splained to 'em dat dey'd all turn white, an' straighten de kinks out o' dey hair. Dat angel kept a-preachin' an' a-preachin', but dem fool niggers didn't believe 'im. Even a angel couldn't teach a nigger nothin'. When de foth Friday come some few of 'em went down to de ribber lak de angel tole 'em, an' commenced washin'. De water wuz mighty low; 'twarn't lak ole Missip—scuzin' de Lord's ribber—'twarn't no mo' 'n a creek. An' you jes' oughter seed dat crowd o' niggers what sot on de fence an' laughed at dem what went in washin'—heap mo' niggers dan you ebber see in Vicksburg on a circus

day. Dem what went in de ribber kept a-scrubbin' an' washin', specially dey hair. Ole Aunt Grinny-Granny she went out dere an' set on a log all day long, eatin' cheese an' crackers an' lo'ratin' dem what was in washin'. When fust dark come, she jumped up an' clapped her han's. 'Fo' Gawd, dem niggers is gittin' white.' She jerked off her head handkerchief an' went tumblin' down de bank to wash her hair; an' all dem fool niggers followed her lak a flock o' sheep. But de water wuz all used up, jes' a tiny drap in de bottom—no mo'n enough to moisten de palms o' dey han's an' de soles o' dey feet—dat's why a nigger is white in dem places.

"All dem what washed dey come out white wid straight hair, an' ole Grinny-Granny she's de great grannammmy of all de niggers to dis day. Dat's how come dere's so many niggers in de world, an' white folks is so skace. Look at dis plantation—more'n a milyun niggers, an' no white folks 'tall, 'cept de Major an' Mr. Cole an' de clerk."

Cooter rose, disgusted with the ignorance of his race, and started down the big road toward his home.

Midnight came, and Cooter sat drowsily watching a streak of smoke rise in his chimney. He made no move to go to bed, for a vague uneasiness oppressed him. He stared at the ashes and shook his head. "I hadn't oughter showed Hoss-fly dat chicken pen. I don't lak de complexion o' dat nigger's color nohow. He ain't real honest."

The negro stretched out his long leg and gave the back-log a kick. The sparks flew upward and roused a commotion in the chimney. Something black fluttered out of the

blacker cavern and brushed his cheek. As he sprang up a misshapen black thing dashed against the window. Cooter stood aghast. "Dar, now! Dar, now! Chimney-sweep done flew in an' fotch de hoodoo to work ginst dem yaller chickens. I knowed it. Bad luck war bound to bust dis trade." His trembling fingers began searching the crevices in the chimney-piece. He found it—a bag, very small and very dirty, tied with a wisp of hair. When he touched this potent charm he stiffened up and became a man again. Aunt Calline's hoodoo never failed to protect the faith that Cooter had.

With the hoodoo bag in his hand he sneaked to the window and beat out the

(Continued on Page 30)



"Twarn't No Witch-Hen, Cause 'Tain't de Thirteenth o' de Munt —"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29, 1909

Our Alexander the Great

"I WANT that man Hamilton forgotten as soon as possible," Senator Johnson, of North Dakota, is quoted as saying, in opposing the gift of a site for a statue to the first and greatest Secretary of the Treasury.

But, in fact, the wish is already granted in good part. The Hamilton to whom the Senator referred is mostly forgotten. He distrusted democracy and despised the notion of government by the people. Despairing of a monarchy on the British model, he wanted to set up an oligarchy or aristocracy, in which the people should be amused by a mere show of power. His famous speech in the Constitutional Convention, proposing life terms for President and Senators, with the Governors of the States appointed by the General Government, makes strange reading nowadays. His later polite proposal to steal part of the electoral vote of New York—having failed to win it at the polls—has been condemned even by so thoroughgoing an admirer as Senator Lodge. Yet Hamilton is one of the accepted heroes of a people essentially democratic, who believe thoroughly in popular rule, and is especially praised by a great party whose most reactionary leaders would be aghast at the idea of publicly indorsing his real political tenets.

What Hamilton wanted doesn't matter except in a historical way. He wasn't able to get it, and what he did get in the way of gagging democracy was, presently, in part, lost. So what's the use of digging up his old theories against him? In setting the new Government going he performed very valuable services, and monuments are usually erected to what a man did rather than to what he wanted to do. The great Secretary wouldn't have let us vote so it counted, or even have let us write our minds freely about the Government. But we are voting and writing; and the things that he did well deserve grateful commemoration.

Hard Play and Easy Work

WE ARE much interested in the earnest agitation for better and more strenuous golf. Of late years in this country a great many clubs have unworthily succumbed to the wishes of lazy and inept players, until at present there are hundreds of courses so easy and monotonous that a man who devotes only a few months a year to desultory practice has very little trouble in getting around them between luncheon and dinner.

An Eastern club has now moved strongly in the desired direction, expending seventy thousand dollars in the construction of a course on which real golf may be played. This ideal course is a succession of deep wells, precipitous heights, brier patches, marshes and concealed pitfalls. The greens consist of well-grown alfalfa and are surrounded by trenches containing quicksand. Tall hedges intervene here and there, so the player is obliged to calculate the trajectory as soldiers do in shooting from rifle-pits. The new course, we learn, has aroused immense enthusiasm among golfers and promises to give the game fresh impetus in this country. We hope to see it impelled.

From the days when normal boys shrink from the wood-pile as from contagion, but climb to the top of the tallest tree they can find, down to portly sixty-five, when a man wouldn't fill the furnace to keep the family from freezing to death, but thrills with keenest joy at a hazard that would discourage a mountain goat, the object of the masculine world is to make its work easy and its play difficult. This makes the job of the moralist a hard one.

Pensions and the Pay-Roll

THERE died not long ago a man whose services had been of the highest value to the institution that employed him. To fill his place satisfactorily or adequately seemed almost impossible. He had been employed by the institution not quite long enough to come within the benefit of its pension system, so no provision could be made for his dependents. But if he had been a loafer, a skillful shirk, doing just enough to hold the job, he would most likely have lived out the prescribed term and received a pension; for it is most probable that the tireless zeal with which he gave himself to his work shortened his life, and nobody capable of judging, doubts that he contributed far more of value to his institution during the period of his employment than easier-going colleagues have contributed in the longer period which the pension system prescribes.

To say that this man ought to have played golf or gone fishing oftener isn't a very satisfactory answer. It doesn't touch the fact that he did the work and did not get the pay; that presumably he suffers, or his dependents do, precisely because he did the work so well. Moreover, it is probable that his pay was affected by the fact that he was prospectively eligible for a pension. The job pays so much down, plus a chance at a pension. We think very well of pensions, and have now and then said so; but we wish it not to be overlooked that, finally, the only real justice lies in paying what the work is worth.

The Sugar Trust in the Balance

THE statement of the Sugar Trust to its stockholders is, in effect, that certain irresponsible and depraved employees, acting wholly without its consent, stole from the Government, for its benefit, some two million dollars.

A Tax on Children

IT IS about the income tax that I wish to speak to you. I believe that I have always favored the income tax, but nothing so crude as that at present proposed, as I understand it. I will give you the chief example of the great injustice that it works. I don't pretend that this may not have occurred to you, but I doubt if it has occurred to many people.

A is a married man with five children and an income of twenty thousand dollars a year.

B is a bachelor or married man without children with an income of twenty thousand dollars a year.

If I understand the tax, A will have to pay precisely as much as B.

As there are still a great many Americans who are endeavoring to educate their children to be good citizens in the generation that succeeds this, it strikes me that to tax them equally with a bachelor amounts to a sort of punishment of marriage and parenthood. The very crowd now most clamorous for this tax would unhesitatingly proclaim with its hand on its heart that no more sacred duty fell to the citizen than to present to his country a liberal group of children, trained to serve their country with intelligence and patriotism. But now every man who has undertaken this duty is to be deprived of a portion of his means to carry it out, precisely as large as the proportion that is required of the bachelor of equal fortune. There is, of course, no true comparison between the fortunes.

To adjust this matter by making deductions according to the number of children in any family offers no difficulty whatever. Perhaps you have read the proposed French income tax, which failed to pass some ten years ago, and which most minutely and admirably went into this whole matter. When I think that the brewers have to be shielded and that the Congress could not see their way to the two-cent stamp to be affixed to bank checks, the injustice of what they propose to do, simply because married Americans with families have no lobby, looks very rank.

OWEN WISTER.

At the trial, as the Trust points out, its officers testified they had no knowledge of the false weights by which the Government was defrauded of duties. While paying over to the Treasury more than two millions the Trust suggests that the Government should not have exacted a penalty unless it were shown that the fraud was perpetrated "by

the company itself" or by some one duly authorized to act for it in so important a matter as that of cheating the Treasury.

Meanwhile, a committee of wholesale grocers of New York figures out that the duty on sugar amounts to seventy-eight per cent ad valorem against fifty-six per cent on champagne, forty-five per cent on automobiles and thirty-five per cent on furs. The average wholesale price of granulated sugar at New York in 1891, as reported by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, was four and sixty-five one-hundredths cents a pound, and in 1907 it was also four and sixty-five one-hundredths cents a pound. Meanwhile, the average cost per pound of raw sugar in foreign countries declined from three and three one-hundredths to two and eleven one-hundredths cents, or nearly a third. Also, the importation of duty-free sugar from Porto Rico and Hawaii rose to one and a quarter billion pounds. The grocers' committee thinks the Sugar Trust's interest in these duty-free sugars, direct and indirect, is large. That the Trust owns a substantial interest in beet-sugar plants is admitted. The United States consumes nearly three million tons of sugar a year, of which little over a fifth is produced at home.

Why the Trust needs further protection in the way of a "differential" on refined sugar we do not know. Possibly it is in order to improve the morals of its hired men.

The Ultimate Security

IN THE main office of a great bank in New York stands a mighty vault, upon whose impregnability all the wit of man has been expended. The two doors alone contain thirty tons of hardest steel, laid fold on fold, and are fastened with many bolts as thick as one's arm. There are eight time-locks and other wonderfully ingenious devices. Within this vault is a certain receptacle which, again, is guarded by thick bolts and cunning locks that only one man in the bank can open. This is the "big money" box, holding the bulk of the bank's cash reserve—nearly fifty millions of dollars at the last statement.

Visitors naturally view the vault's formidable exterior with awe as the very heart of the citadel. To be so close to that vast sum in real money stirs the imagination. One may experience without emotion proximate contact with much wealth in other forms—checks, notes, bonds and so on. But here, it seems, so unassailably protected, is the very thing itself, the actual stuff. But it only seems so. If you should look inside that stout receptacle you would find, in the main, just pieces of paper; not actual money, but, in effect, statements by the Government or the Clearing House that its vaults contain so many million dollars of coined gold which it will hand over to whoever presents these certificates.

What we mean is that the whole world runs on credit and faith and trust, and you simply can't get away from it. Opening the ultimate strong-box you find a promise, a statement to be taken on trust. In this case it is, of course, the promise and the statement of the Government; but finally you've got to depend upon somebody's statement.

The Value of a Famous Debate

AFTER deliberating an unusually long time, the United States Supreme Court has decided, in substance, that the "commodities clause" of the Hepburn law is constitutional, but of no effect. This clause forbade railroads to own, directly or indirectly, commodities which they transport, and was especially aimed at railroad ownership of coal. The court says that ownership of the stock of a company does not constitute ownership of the property of that company; hence, though a railroad may not, directly or indirectly, own coal which it transports, it may directly own the stock of the company which owns the coal—which, obviously, comes to exactly the same thing.

The Northern Securities Company owned no railroad. It owned merely the stock of two railroads. The Tobacco Trust and Standard Oil Company effect their combinations mostly by ownership of stock of other companies. Naturally, eminent lawyers are at a loss to know just how the court will apply this fine distinction between ownership of the property of a company and mere ownership of its stock.

Leaving that conundrum to them, we wish to recall that the Hepburn bill was debated for weeks in the Senate with respect to its constitutionality. For weeks the most distinguished legal luminaries in that body learnedly discussed what the Supreme Court would say as to this feature and that; but, so far as we remember, nobody came within a rod of guessing what the court actually did say. In spite of all the erudite forecastings the decision was quite unexpected. This shows the true value of those tremendous constitutional debates in the Upper House.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

The House of Oliver

WE HAVE heard from time to time captious cries and yampus yammerings concerning the necessity of having a few business men inserted in the wilderness of lawyers in the Senate of the United States; said demand being sneered at by the lawyers, but sticking around to a considerable extent with the bulk of the population.

Wherefore, it seems incumbent on the bulky author of this monograph to tell two tales, of which the first shall be called:

THE ADVENTURE OF HANK OLIVER AND THE LEATHER CONTRACT

When the Civil War began there was a harness-maker doing business in Pittsburgh named Henry—for short, Hank—Oliver. He was a harness-maker in a small way, having a shop and a line of customers, but being in competition with many other leather workers who had bigger shops and more customers.

The Government had a leather contract which was to be let at the old Allegheny Arsenal, and all the harness-makers and other leather men of Pittsburgh went over to get a bit of it, Oliver among the number. It was a big contract and big men were there. The contract was let and Oliver got a piece, not a very big piece, to be sure, but a piece. The Government was in need of the stuff, wanted quick delivery and did not haggle over the price; and the big harness-makers and other leather workers had a good thing, including Hank Oliver with his little bit.

The big fellows drove back to Pittsburgh and went to the Monongahela Hotel for a supper in celebration of the easy money they had in sight—all but Oliver. Oliver walked in the two miles from Lawrenceville, thinking about his chunk of the contract. The thought struck him that, inasmuch as this stuff was to be made of leather it would require leather to make it. Thereupon, instead of going down to the Monongahela he padded around to all the leather dealers in Pittsburgh and got options on every foot of leather in that end of Pennsylvania. He tied it all up in the name of H. Oliver, Esquire.

After the celebration at the Monongahela Hotel was over the big leather workers began to send out for the leather they needed. They found that all leather in that part of the country was under option to H. Oliver, Esquire, who, though he didn't have much of a slice of the contract, had a stock of leather options that made him of some class as a factor in the game.

Well, it was simple enough. The leather workers who had had the celebration paid big tribute to the man who walked in and thriftily accumulated the leather instead of riding in and accumulating a jag at the Monongahela; and that leads us to the second tale of the series which may thrillingly be entitled:

THE ADVENTURE OF HANK OLIVER AND THE IRON ORE

Naturally, a citizen with the acumen of H. Oliver, Esquire, saw the possibilities of the steel and iron business as regards Pittsburgh, and went into it. Naturally, also, such a citizen had a series of sons, and the firstborn was called Harry or Hank, as fancy dictated.

This Harry, or Hank, came into the steel business and made a great success of it. One day he heard there was an exact geological limit to the iron ore in the Superior district, and he went up there to see if it were true. He found it was. The geological sharps could point out to him just how much ore there was up there and Harry came back, rustled all the money he could get, and bought iron ore land to the extreme end of his resources.

Then he came back and went to Andrew Carnegie, the big steel man of Pittsburgh. "Mr. Carnegie," quoth Harry, "I have laid in quite a stock of iron-ore land up there in the Superior country, and as I have pretty good information that there are exact geological and geographical limits to the ore in that country, I thought you might be interested and want some of my options."

"Pish, Oliver!" pished A. Carnegie, "pish and three long tushes! We have plenty of iron ore in reserve. I cannot see why young men in the iron business will be constantly making these mistakes. Hoot, mon! Hoot! Hoot! Hoot!"

Time passed on. Presently it was borne in on A. Carnegie that there were certain geographical and geological limits to the iron ore in the Superior region and he made a casual call on Harry Oliver.

"Harry, me braw an' bonny boy," said Andy, "I ken ye have muckle iron land up yon, an' I'm thinkin' of takin' some of it at the price ye named some time ago."



A Business Man Has Seeped Into the Senate at Last

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

"Are you, indeed?" inquired Harry Oliver, who had managed to carry his options, although they had made him pretty short of change for a considerable period. "Are you indeed, Mr. Carnegie? And if you are I regret to inform you that the price of iron-ore land has gone up something scandalous since I talked with you before."

And that set back Mr. Andrew Carnegie for a few tons of money, and, taken in conjunction with the tale of the leather adventure, leads to the conclusion that if George T. Oliver, recently elected to the United States Senate from Pennsylvania, being a son of the original Henry and a brother of the second Henry, runs true to Oliver form, there is a fair chance that a business man has seeped into that august body at last.

The father and the brothers are dead, but George T. Oliver still has the steel business. Likewise, he has a collection of big newspapers in Pittsburgh and a United States Senatorship, to say nothing of a fortune that can be classified by the real Pittsburgh standards. And he came across as a real, always-there Pennsylvania organization man, which makes it seem likely that he will be in the Senate as long as he wants to be, for the people in Pennsylvania—notwithstanding the yells of those who do not vote in the State, but desire to reform it—have a partiality to that organization which, at times, seems almost to be an obsession.

It was this way: The Honorable Philander C. Knox, who resigned a few minutes previous to his assumption of the cares and duties of the office of Secretary of State, had a candidate for his toga in the person of James Francis Burke, aided and abetted thereby by Henry C. Frick, who strung along with Knox on Burke. Having mixed in politics for some few years in a purely theoretical manner, Mr. Oliver thought it incumbent on him to go out and sew up the legislators from his section who had votes on the Senatorship, and, suiting the action to the thought, he went out and sewed them up. Inasmuch as Mr. Knox and Mr. Frick and Mr. Burke are all from Pittsburgh this had a rather disconcerting effect on the canvass of Mr. Burke and the boosts of Mr. Knox and Mr. Frick, and when it came time for the Legislature of Pennsylvania to determine who should take the Knox toga, they said: "Why, there's nothing to it. Oliver has the unanimous indorsement of all his people, and where does Burke come in?"

Burke didn't come in. He was left out and Oliver assumed the said toga, which was an economical arrangement at that, for Oliver isn't much bigger than Knox is.

Moreover, it was a logical upshot of it, for the other Pennsylvania Senator is the biggest man, physically, in the Senate; and proud old Pennsylvania, thinking to maintain her supremacy, contributed also the smallest man, physically, in Oliver—just, as in the case of Knox, to keep up the proper proportion.

Senator Oliver was born in Ireland when his father and mother were on a visit to that country. He studied law and practiced until 1881, when he went into the steel business, where he still is. In 1900 he bought a Pittsburgh paper. Later he bought a few more and now he has several. He always mixed more or less in politics, and always was with Quay. He stuck to Quay through thick and thin, refusing the Senatorship when Quay made his great fight for reelection and Oliver might have had the place as a compromise candidate. He is the first organization man to acquire a Senatorship from the western end of Pennsylvania.

Oliver is lively, with a sense of humor, and gets a lot of fun out of his newspapers and his politics. He may be depended upon to act with the regulars in the Senate on all propositions, for he is a party man, with no insurgent or other off-the-reservation traits. He has had a long-time ambition to be in the Senate, but his sense of party loyalty was so great that he never would listen to any advances until there was clear sailing. Then he went out and garnered the job.

P. S. In addition to James Francis Burke, John Dalzell also ran.

The Senatorial Retort Courteous

BOTH men are dead, so the story can be told. When the fight was on for the location of the interoceanic canal, and the late Senator Morgan, of Alabama, was making his last stand for the Nicaragua route, the late Senator Hanna was a member of the committee that was examining witnesses.

Senator Morgan was doing the questioning, but it was the habit of Senator Hanna to throw in a question now and then that turned things upside down and utterly destroyed Senator Morgan's line of procedure.

A man named Menocal was on the stand. Senator Morgan was leading him along when Senator Hanna popped in a question that muzzed things all up.

"As usual," said Senator Morgan, "the Senator from Ohio, by his method of questioning, is trying to delay the proceedings to the extent that will deprive us of a canal at all."

Senator Hanna grew purple in the face. Leaning over, he hammered on the table with his big fist and shouted: "That is a blank lie."

Menocal, the witness, was alarmed. "Perhaps, gentlemen," he said, "I would better retire."

"Oh, no," replied Morgan, waving his hand, "it is not necessary. This is merely a little interchange of Senatorial courtesies, and now, as it is nearing twelve, I suggest we take a recess until tomorrow."

Spoiled by the Pipe

CASEY, becoming wealthy, says Joe Ryan, the Chicago story-teller, invited some of his old friends in to dinner.

After dinner Casey passed around the cigars. They were big, fat, black cigars, that cost him forty cents each.

Hogan, taking his cigar, bit about half of it off and frazzled the other half in lighting it.

"Man, man," said Casey. "What are yez afther doin' t' that seegar? 'Tis a fine seegar, a fine seegar. Have ye no appreciation of a fine seegar?"

"Th' trut' is," replied Hogan, as he chewed off another inch of his cigar, "I've bin smokin' a poipe so long I can't tell th' difference betwixt a five an' a tin."

The Hall of Fame

CThe local name for Senator Patrick Henry McCarren, of Brooklyn, is Long Pat.

CComptroller Metz, of New York, manufactures chemicals as a means of livelihood.

CGeneral Anson Mills (retired), of Washington, laid out the first city plan of El Paso, Texas.

CSenator John Kean, of New Jersey, is a big banker in New York City and Elizabeth, New Jersey.

CProfessor Willis L. Moore, head of the Weather Bureau, dislikes cigarettes so much he will not let any one who smokes them have anything to do with making the weather.

The Working of the

Is it Protecting the

What Eminent Authorities Say:

DR. JAMES C. WILSON, Professor of Clinical Medicine, Jefferson Medical College, Phila.

"There are, in my opinion, latent forms of Bright's disease in which even moderate doses of Benzoate of Soda would be harmful. The use of this drug might easily result in impaired digestion and affected kidneys."

DR. C. H. KIMBERLY, Professor of Analytical Chemistry, Medico-Chirurgical College, Phila.

"In my work I have found samples of ketchup preserved with Sodium Benzoate, and plainly made of 'trimmings' and refuse of tomatoes."

DR. H. S. BLACKMORE, Washington, D. C.

"The drug (Benzoate of Soda) contains the active principles of carbolic acid, a corrosive poison."

DR. H. W. WILEY, Chief of Bureau of Chemistry, United States Department of Agriculture.

"Benzoate of Soda is highly objectionable, and produces a very serious disturbance of the metabolic functions, attended with injury to digestion and health."

DR. ALBERT P. MATHEWS, Professor of Physiological Chemistry, University of Chicago.

"Wise men will continue to regard germicides, such as Sodium Benzoate, as highly suspicious constituents of our foods."

Similar opinions condemning the use of this drug in food products have been publicly expressed by such eminent authorities as

DR. G. HARLAN WELLS, President of the Philadelphia Academy of Medicine.

DR. D. BRONARDEL, Delegate of Legal Society of Medicine of France. International Congress of Medicine, Madrid.

DR. J. N. RHOADS, Philadelphia.

DR. W. D. HALLIBURTON, F. R. S., Prof. of Physiology, King's College, London.

PROF. A. B. PRESCOTT, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

DR. WHARTON SINKLER, President of the Medical Club of Philadelphia; attending physician to the Orthopaedic Hospital, Phila.; consulting physician to the State Hospital for the Chronic Insane, and consulting neurologist to Bryn Mawr, Pa., and Germantown, Phila., Hospitals.

PROFESSOR CHARLES H. LA WALL, chemist of the State Dairy and Food Commission (Pennsylvania).

DR. GEORGE H. MEEKER, Dean of the Department of Chemistry, Medico-Chirurgical College, Phila.

DR. EDWARD MARTIN, Professor of Clinical Surgery, University of Pennsylvania; Former Director of the Department of Health and Charities, Phila.

And many others

THE National Food Law was enacted for the protection of all the people. It made unlawful the use of any harmful materials, adulterants or preservatives in food of any kind. The most widely used of drug preservatives was Benzoate of Soda—a coal tar product—which, when added to Ketchup, for instance, permitted the use of waste and unfit raw material, prepared under the most undesirable conditions. In addition, Government authorities declared this drug dangerous to the health, and therefore illegal.

FURTHERMORE, through exhaustive experiments among the Ketchup makers of the country, carried on by Dr. Bitting, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, it was clearly shown that pure ketchup can be prepared without the use of Benzoate of Soda, and that ketchup thus prepared not only keeps better, opened or unopened, but is of finer flavor and contains greater food value than when embalmed with this drug.

IN face of all this, and regardless of the fact that leading food manufacturers declared Benzoate of Soda unnecessary when right materials and sanitary methods are used, the influence of certain interests desiring to use it has been powerful enough to bring about, through the appointment of a commission, a reversal of the Government's first ruling, so that Benzoate of Soda may now be used in all foods.

H. J. HEINZ

Members of American Association

International Food Law- Health of the People?

HOWEVER, our Government—although permitting the use of Benzoate of Soda, still makes the acceptance of drugged food a matter of personal choice. Every food containing Benzoate of Soda must have that fact stated on the label. It is very significant that the manufacturers who use this drug print the statement in small type. Still, by careful reading of labels, everyone may avoid this drug so generally condemned by the medical profession.

HEINZ 57 Varieties—Ketchup, Sweet Pickles, Preserves, etc.—as well as the products of many other manufacturers, are prepared without Benzoate of Soda or artificial preservatives of any kind. Heinz Ketchup, for example, is the pure product of tomatoes grown on Heinz farms or under Heinz supervision. The spices used are ground in Heinz Kitchens. The sweetening is granulated sugar. The vinegar is of Heinz own make—the purest natural product. The cooking is conducted under rigid conditions of cleanliness. Every utensil is mirror-bright, the ketchup being conveyed to the bottles through silver-lined tubes.

THIS is why Heinz Ketchup needs no Benzoate of Soda—why you can open it on your table, or have it served on a public table, with perfect confidence that it is sweet and pure.

INCOMPANY

sociation of Purity in Food Products

What Eminent Authorities Say:

DR. JOHN V. SHOEMAKER, Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Clinical Medicine, Medico-Chirurgical College and Hospital, Phila.

"The continued use of Sodium Benzoate or the Benzoates, even in small quantities, as food preservatives is injurious."

DR. WILLIAM W. KEEN, Emeritus Professor of Principles of Surgery and of Clinical Surgery, Jefferson Medical College, Phila.; Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons (England and Edinburgh).

"It must be evident that any drug used as a food preservative, eaten constantly, year in and year out, by the community, must affect the general health deleteriously."

DR. DAVID L. EDSALL, Professor of Therapeutics, University of Pennsylvania.

"Sodium Benzoate is an intestinal irritant."

DR. V. C. VAUGHN, Dean Medical Faculty, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

"As a rule their (Preservatives) use is to be condemned, for two reasons. In the first place, like coloring matter, it enables a man to sell a poor grade article in place of a better grade; and in the second place, it enables the manufacturer to be less careful in other means of preservation."

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DR. ALBERT E. ROUSSELL, Professor of the Practice of Medicine, Medico-Chirurgical College, Phila.

DR. HENRY BEATES, JR., President of the Penna. State Board of Medical Examiners.

DR. J. DIXON MANN, Professor of Forensic Medicine and Toxicology, Owens College, England.

S. A. VASEY, F. C. S., F. R. S., Member S. P. C. A.

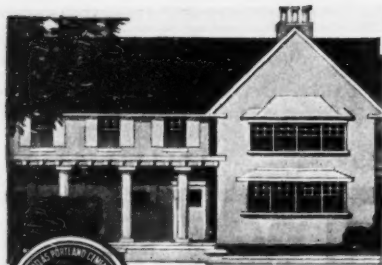
DR. LOUIS STARR, Specialist in Children's Diseases.

DR. FRED J. KALTEYER and DR. CARL PRESSE; Eminent Philadelphia Scientists; joint report.

DR. J. SOLIS-COHEN, Honorary Professor of Laryngology, Jefferson Medical College, Phila.; Emeritus Professor, Diseases of the Throat, Polyclinic Hospital, Phila.

PROCEEDINGS, American Public Health Association, Boston, 1905.

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The Senator's Secretary

WE HAVE had but one apostle in the United States Senate, and we tried mighty hard to keep out the one we have; but now that he is in beyond peradventure—the same being Reed Smoot, of Utah, apostle of the Mormon Church—he is being utilized to the fullest extent of his resources—that is, being a willing young worker, he is allowed to work his head off while others more experienced, and thus more conservative with their energies, sit in the background and pull whatever wires are to be pulled—not more, to be exact, than are observed in a flock of grand pianos.

Smoot went on the Finance Committee when the committees were reorganized. The Finance Committee has charge of making the tariff bill for and of the Senate. Jumping impetuously at his task Smoot displayed a knowledge of wool and similar schedules that made it apparent he might be led to a knowledgeable position with regard to other complicated items in the bill—and they led him. They led him, you may be sure of that. Being a glutton for punishment they put Smoot out in front of the whole affair, so far as the devious gentlemen are concerned who want the tariff shoved up on this or shoved down on that. For weeks, whenever one of these infant-industry owners or protected plutocrats came around and endeavored to mix it with Senator Aldrich or Senator Flint or any other who was doing the fine Italian in the background, that person was told: "See Smoot."

Smoot has been the buffer. He has been out in the foreground. No matter what has been wanted on any tariff subject, from false whiskers to silk stockings, it has been always, "See Smoot." He has been the man on whom the hordes of visiting tariffians have fallen, and he has stood out there and fought them all off. Really, it was not much of a joke, although they all said it was one on Smoot, to be the front for that Finance Committee; but Smoot was so eager for work, so much inclined to labor, that they handed it to him, and the whole community is waking up to the fact that this tall, gangling apostle is a good deal of a citizen. He has developed more in the past three months than he did in his first six years in the Senate. They cannot hand him anything he will not do, and they have discovered that he is a genius at the tariff business, a sort of a natural-born tariff sharp, so to speak. Hence, the corridors of the Senate office-building and the Senate end of the Capitol have been echoing for weeks with "See Smoot," and Smoot has been there, the cold, gray rock on which the tariff hordes have dashed and fallen away, broken, or broke, as the ultimate result may be.

A Bill Full of Trading Stock

Smoot has been the outside man. Meantime, the inside man, the genial and considerate Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, has been inching along, inching along on his merry way toward the conference committee where the bill will be made in the final analysis, Mr. Aldrich, by the same token, being the coming head of the Senate conferees.

One might think, if one thought about it at all, that when a Finance Committee of so great an institution as the United States Senate presented a tariff bill, after weeks of study and deliberation and work, it would be substantially the bill the Finance Committee had in mind to get through. One might think that, if one did not know the ways of tariff makers. The concern of Mr. Aldrich and his colleagues in making the tariff bill that was presented to the Senate was not to get a bill for which they would have to fight as a hard-and-fast proposition, but to get a bill so full of possible compromises that there could be done a lot of compromising.

In the good old days a merchant or a farmer or a horseman would start out through the countryside on a dollar-gathering expedition, and he would take with him what he called "trading stock"—meaning a lot of stuff which he hoped to trade with the people he ran across—stuff he didn't want and hoped to exchange for stuff he did want. A Senate tariff bill is the greatest exemplification of the old trading-stock plan the world has ever seen.

It is full of trading stock, jammed with it, loaded to the guards with it. The effort was not to make a bill that should represent the full knowledge of the committee, the last tariff word so far as those able and experienced men are concerned, but to get a bill that would be filled with items that could be used to drag in the votes of various Senators on various propositions. There are ninety-one men in the Senate at present, the ex-Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, not yet having burst into our midst because of some slight hesitancy on the part of the Illinois Legislature in sending him back, and every one of those ninety-one has a lot of pet things he wants protected or otherwise in the tariff bill that is in the making.

Thus, the list is canvassed and the schedules are made. If one Senator is likely to hang out on an article for a higher duty, say, the duty on that article is put too low, lower than it will be in the completed bill, then he is informed that if he will withhold his opposition to some certain other article his particular prize and favored article will be favored and put at the figure he desires. Trading stock! Items are inserted to keep Senators quiet and to stir up Senators. It is a crafty document, but no more like the bill that will be passed eventually and signed by the President than it is like the Magna Charta.

The Strategy of Senator Aldrich

Having carpentered together this bill, Mr. Aldrich slid it into the Senate. It was read, paragraph by paragraph. This gave the Senators the opportunity of voting to include in the bill each paragraph, or to ask that consideration of any paragraph might be reserved, and that paragraph passed over for separate consideration and a separate vote.

Well, the Senate went solemnly to the task. The Senators who did not like the duties in any paragraphs had those paragraphs passed over. Meantime, Mr. Aldrich sat in his seat with a pencil in his hand and a few sheets of paper in front of him. When a schedule was passed at request of a Senator he noted that schedule and that Senator. Then, after it was all over, he had a neat and comprehensive list of some two hundred and thirty-three paragraphs that had been passed, and a neater and more comprehensive list of the Senators who had asked for the delay.

You observe the strategy? After that bill had been read Aldrich and the Republican members of the Finance Committee had every Senator in that place tagged. They knew exactly the special items, paragraphs and schedules the various Senators were interested in, and they had a list showing them exactly what pressure was needed, along what lines, to get these fellows on the job. It was a directory of the United States Senate in so far as tariff preferences, ideas and obligations went. Every Senator was labeled by his own act.

Observing this, Mr. Aldrich allowed the floodgates of oratory to be opened. He let them talk their heads off on any or all schedules, and he and his trusty lieutenants went to work fixing each individual Senator, fixing each individual along the lines of his individual interests. Nobody cared how long any Senator talked. They could spout until they were black in the face. Careful polls were taken. The strength and weaknesses of the bill were determined. It was like a battle where the commanding general sends up a few regiments to take the fire of the enemy and divert attention until the main body of troops is ready.

On May first Mr. Aldrich lacked four votes of enough to pass his bill, but the orators were out in front shouting out their ideas and getting kind applause, and the manipulation was going on apace. When everything was ready, when all the compromises had been made, when everything had been fixed, he began to slide the bill through.

The United States Senate is a remarkable institution. It fusses around and spills a lot of language, and, apparently, has no idea of where it is going or what it will do when it gets there; but suddenly it gets into coherent, cohesive action and, first thing anybody knows, it has done what it wants to do. Oceans of time are wasted on preliminaries, on skirmishes or

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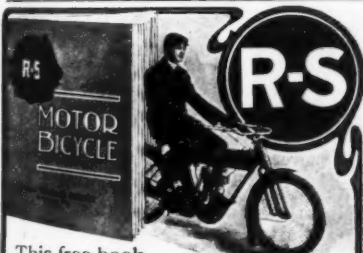


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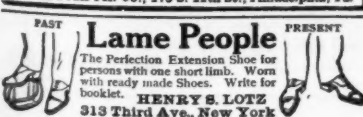


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decoys; but when that Senate gets into action, gets finally where it wants to begin to do something, it goes through with a rapidity and a celerity that are the constant wonder and admiration of all who watch and understand it.

It seems, at times, that there is more flubdub, more loose talk, more wasted effort in the Senate than anywhere else on earth, but it is all the front. It is the ballyhoo, planned and executed while the leaders are getting things in shape for their final, concerted action. When everything is ready they slide through legislation so fast it makes your eyes pop out. The fight has been largely a sham battle. Even if it is real the leaders never allow anything to come to a test until they are sure of their ground. They will fuss around for a month, with the country sick to death of the oratory of the statesmen, but they will never bring things down to law until they know what will happen.

That is what is being done with the tariff bill. It is being nursed along until the votes are in sight, until the items are all satisfactory, until everybody has been placated; then, bing! and through it will go for the final reconstruction, rehabilitation and rehash in conference, which is the real battle-ground, anyhow. The gentlemen who are putting a tariff bill through the Senate of the United States are not amateurs. They know how. Amateurs are given the noise jobs and the outside work—witness Smoot—but the wise old owls get the desired results.

And they do it in so many ways. Now, there was that militant leader, LaFollette, of Wisconsin. They shunted him aside in the tariff-building and gave him a census bill to manage, showing him up on the floor as entirely unfamiliar with the bill he had to pass as chairman of the Census Committee. LaFollette said he wasn't interested in the census, but he was reminded that every Senator is supposed to do his work. He said he wasn't interested in claims when they put him on the Claims Committee, and one day big Penrose, of Pennsylvania, got after him and said a few things about Senators who do not do their fair share of the work merely because they are not interested in it. They made a show of LaFollette on the census bill by asking him the whys and wherefores of various items. He didn't know, hadn't taken the pains to find out. Then they said: "Well, good-by, Mr. LaFollette. Go on off to your lecturing tours if you like; but remember, you can't get along here by mere noise."

Knute Nelson on the Warpath

Having scientifically canned LaFollette they reached out and gave young Mr. Dixon a good place, and went through the list of a lot of Senators who might be likely to fall in with LaFollette in some of his ideas, fixing them up, and then they turned to observe what the effect was. The effect was what it always has been in such sublimated politics. They dispersed a good deal of the insurgent forces. Simple, too. The people of Brown, of Nebraska, wanted an income tax. They gave Brown a chance to introduce an income-tax amendment; but it carried a constitutional amendment with it, thus putting it far into the future, which Brown, apparently, did not think of when he grabbed the glory of fathering the amendment.

Still, it has not all been so easy. There is Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, who has been Knutting around as the wildest kind of an insurgent. Knute is a wily old citizen with a low-tariff record, and he is so strong with his people that it makes little difference what he does. However, Knute was interested in a judgeship appointment in his state. President Roosevelt had appointed Milton Purdy to the place without consulting Knute or his colleague, Senator Clapp, and Knute held it up. Some time after the inauguration Knute went up to the White House and said: "How about that judgeship? Do I get my man and kill off Purdy?" He was told there wasn't much doing that day in the matter of killing off Purdy. Whereupon, Knute charged back to the Senate, left the reservation and began ripping into the crockery schedule—held by President Taft in his East Liverpool, his Trenton and his Boston speeches as being one schedule that needed little revision. Nothing personal about it, so far as Knute was concerned, nor in his rampages against other schedules; but how about that judgeship? And so it goes.



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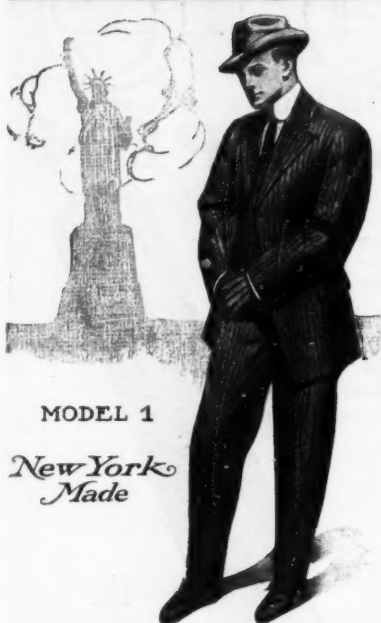
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Insist on Having the Genuine
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Sense and Nonsense

The Deserters

Somewhere upon the sunny air the Boss imagines he can hear
The cries that rise and swell and bear the cadence of a mighty cheer;
Somewhere afar the bleachers are, the turn-stiles and the raucous note
The umpire brings, set on a par with growls from some trapped grizzly's throat.
Somewhere he calls them strikes or balls, somewhere the red-legged runner's stride
From third to home is flattened out into a sweeping, screaming slide.
The fever grows the while he knows the fans are gathering afar—
He grabs his hat and stick and goes—he's just in time to catch a car!

The listless clerk drones o'er his work—far in the distance he can see
The bleachers fill, a bitter pill it is for him that he must be
Bent o'er his books; and now he looks across those miles with hungry eyes
To see, in dreams, the struggling teams go forth to battle for the prize.
The music hears he of the spheres, and as the Boss goes down the stair
The fever grows, for well he knows what home-team heroes will be there.
With guilty joy the office boy he tells to say he's called away
By urgent press of business and won't be back till late that day.

The click and whirr of typewriter is silent now—she sits and sighs
Upon the letters left for her, a far-off dreaming in her eyes;
What stunts are done by Mathewson! She hears the echoes rise and fall;
She sees the pitcher in the box and hears the umpire cry, "Play ball!"
Oh, that she might see some proud knight drop on his knees—Odsblood and Zounds!—
And hear him say, "Fair lady, pray, I would escort thee to the grounds!"
And then, oh joy! the office boy approaches her and mutters, "Mame,
Get on your lid; the work's all did! Let's go out and see the game!" —J. W. Foley.

A Pen Gone Wrong

COLONEL HENRY HALL, president of the Gridiron Club, had an attack of appendicitis in Pittsburgh, which is his home city, and was taken to a hospital.
On the first day he was allowed to sit up he wrote to a friend in Washington about an important matter, and closed: "Please excuse haste and a bad appendix."

Ideals

I don't see 'actly why my folks
Jes' tease an' tease, an' coaz an' coaz
Me all th' time to promise them
That I'll be jes' like Uncle Jem
When I grow up, an' own a mine,
An' go to bed at half-pas' nine,
An' brush my clo's, an' learn to pray,
An' take a bath wifout no pay,
An' learn to figger how much coal
Is on th' inside of a hole,
An' wash my tee, an' comb my hair,
An' clean my shoes, an' never swear,
Er' shoot a gun, er go to shows,
Er smoke, er swim wifout no clo's,
Er call a ducky boy a coon,
Er eat my mince pie wif a spoon.

W'en I grow up to be a man
I want to be like Uncle Dan,
An' wear a big, long rubber coat,
An' rubber boots, an' sail a boat,
An' feed a pig, an' trade off dogs,
An' fish wif little clay bullfrogs,
An' stay up late, an' eat hardback,
An' build a house wof's called a shack;
An' never have no Sunday suit,
An' learn to whistle on a flute,
An' have a beard an' curly hair,
An' own a circus an' a fair,
An' drive a cart wif yellow wheels,
An' eat ice cream between my meals,
An' camp out in a big white tent,
An' never have to pay no rent.

—Harrold Skinner.

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It has been our business for years to put daylight into dark buildings. If you occupy the ordinary dark store or factory, we can put daylight into every nook and corner of it, and cut your light bills about 60%.

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If yours is that one we tell you so before you have spent a penny.

We cannot afford to attempt the impossible.

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When our experts examine your daylighting difficulties, you can depend on their verdict.

Let Them Examine Your Daylight Problem

It costs you nothing. After these men say what they think, you can decide if you want the work done.

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An expert from one of these branches will call on you, if you wish. You don't have to do business with us at long range.

But first get our free book—"Daylighting." Learn all the facts.

Let us send you letters from business men who have installed our system.

See who they are and what they think.

Cut this out as a memo.

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To write to the American Luxfer System (Inquiry Department) for the book, "Daylighting." Address 1608 Heyworth Building, Chicago.



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The Richmond System of heating represents the climax of inventive ingenuity.

Compare the Richmond boiler, for instance, with any other boiler for producing steam or hot water.

You will find that the same fire which in common boilers heats 90 square feet of water surface, heats in the Richmond, 128 square feet, or over 40 per cent more. Think of it!

You will find that instead of the cumbersome, heavy iron castings enclosing the water circulation of common boilers, there is no waste metal in the Richmond to absorb costly heat.

Strong, Even Castings

The castings commonly used in boilers are too thick in some places—too thin in others. The castings used in Richmond boilers are uniform. They are stronger than common castings, but because of their evenness, waste no heat.

The flues used in common heaters deliver the burned gases and smoke to the chimney before they are half used.

While our *diving flue* forces the fire to travel over the heating surfaces until its heat-giving power is exhausted.

You will find that common heaters are perched on separate bases and that the cold water enters them at the fire level.

The result is that the fire is chilled and that for two inches around the edge of the fire box, where fire is most needed, there is nothing but dead ashes.

Adds Strength—Lessens Cost

The water line of the Richmond extends to the bottom of the ash pit. This water base level adds strength and lessens cost.

But more, it absorbs the heat of the ashes and warms the water before it reaches the fire. The result is that the Richmond boilers have no dead line of ashes or clinkers adjoining the water surfaces—but instead a hot, burning line of flame.

There are countless other points of economy and of efficiency which are to be found only in Richmond systems. Points of

Radiators

superiority to be found in the ash pit, in the fire box, in the water circulation, in the regulation devices and in the radiators and their control.

Find Out For Yourself

The selection of heating system, whether it be for a home, a public building, a factory or a business block, is too important to leave to the judgment of others.

By inefficiency it may render comfort impossible; by improper design it may run the coal bill into an endless extravagance.

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If you contemplate building, please write us for full details of the new Richmond system of heating, which saves itself on costs and pays for itself on maintenance.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CLOWN

(Continued from Page 9)

started for the ring, reeling as he went, and at the same time carrying on a running talk with the ringmaster. Of course, the whole show halted; everybody was keenly interested, for they thought it was the real thing.

Approaching the ringmaster the man again upbraided him. Then the ringmaster said:

"You seem to be so smart, I suppose you think you can ride."

"You bet I can," was the reply. He started toward the horse.

"I warn you," continued the ringmaster, "you will get hurt." But the man ignored the warning and took off his coat. Then he laboriously climbed on the back of the horse, while the interest of the crowd became intense. Nearly every person who goes to a circus expects to see some one hurt. There is the same feeling among those who watch a man go into a den of wild beasts. I suppose it is human nature.

At any rate, the drunken man finally got on the horse, pulled a bottle from his pocket, took a farewell swig and then proceeded to take off more of his clothes. Meanwhile, the horse had started. As the animal walked around the ring the man's clothes fell to the ground. In a moment he stood revealed, clad in tights and spangles, while the horse, feeling his master on his back, began to gallop. Then the crowd saw that it had been fooled by a clever trick, but it was so well done that there was always great applause. It took a first-class clown to do this act, because he had to be a good actor and rider. I was the second clown in this act many times. I fell under and around the horse while the dialogue was going on.

The Clown's Mule January

There was another successful clown trick in those days. It was called the January act. From the beginning of the American circus the mule driven by the clown in the circus was called January. I never knew why the beast got this name, save that he looked like the dead of winter and always got his tail tied up in the reins. The trick was this: the clown drove into the ring in a red cart drawn by the mule. He drew up with a clatter, saying:

"Whoa, January!"

There was curious magic in that expression. No matter where it was spoken, in town or in country, it drew great laughter. After his noisy entrance the clown got into an argument with the ringmaster, who had a horse by his side. They agreed to make a trade. But as soon as the ringmaster got the mule the animal got balky and would not budge. Meanwhile, the clown started to drive off in triumph, but the ringmaster called him back and implored him to trade back. The clown refused. The ringmaster then offered a cash bonus which the clown accepted and then drove off with January, waving the money and saying: "It's easy when you know how." This always caught the crowd, for everybody is interested in a horse-trade, and especially in one in which one of the parties gets badly done.

In 1889 I went with the Ringling show and have been with it ever since. It was their last year as a wagon show, for the next year it traveled by railroad. Somehow, I did not like the change at first. I loved the free life of the wagon shows. It was hard traveling, but it was always interesting. It kept you in the open and everybody was sound and healthy. The women thrived as much as the men.

There was one satisfaction about the change to the railroad. The show remained under canvas. You can work better under canvas than in any other place. Ask anybody connected with the show, from the highest-priced "kinker," as the performers are known, down to the stake-driver, and he will tell you that he likes the "big canvas top" best of all. It's like being in the open; you can be with the horses and you get the smell of sawdust, shavings and earth, which is like the breath of life to the showman. I'd rather be soaked to the skin under the tent in Kansas than be dry under a roof at Madison Square Garden in New York.

As the circus grew bigger the talking clown ceased to exist. The tents grew so large and the acts of the show became so

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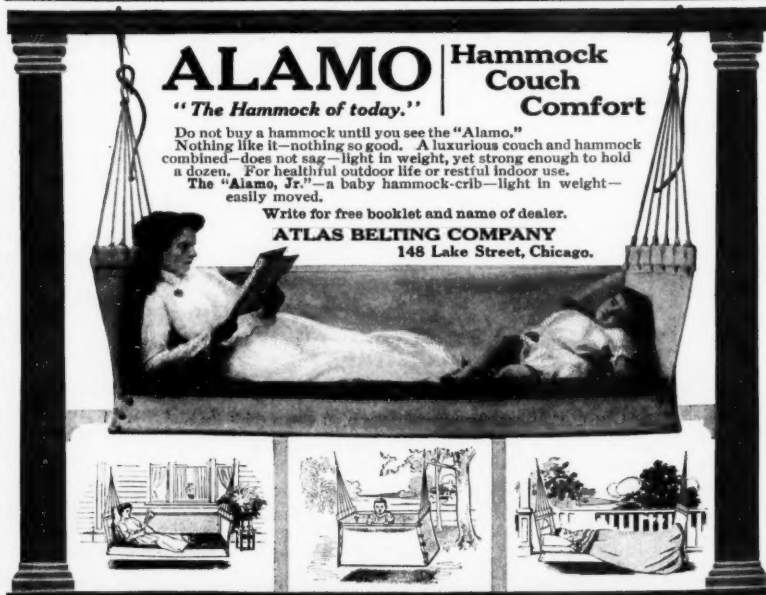
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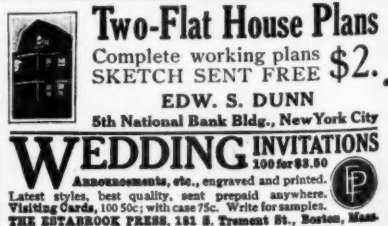
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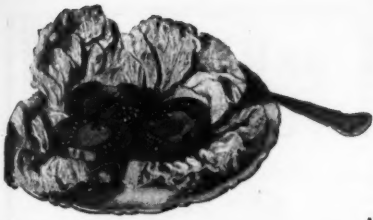


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varied and many that it became difficult to hold the attention of the crowd for a talking act. Yet with all its three rings, its "dip of death" by the daring lady in the auto, and the whole host of new and sensational features, the circus would not be a circus without the clowns.

Just as the circus has developed in every way, so has the clown had to put new wrinkles into his work. The clown's work involves much thought and preparation. Every act that he does is carefully studied out and rehearsed. I have practiced a fall for a month. You may have noticed that clowns act in pairs or trios. This is due to the fact that every clown act, no matter how ludicrous or how simple, must tell a story. It is really a small drama or comedy. If the clowns, for example, wear soldiers' uniforms, they give an idea of a camp, a battlefield or some definite picture. Like everything else the clowning must be timely. The clown plays on a vogue. It may be Salome, or The Merry Widow, or the peach-basket hat, or the sheath gown. He must make his act a perfect piece of mimicry. Next, he must first look funny and then act funny. It is not always easy.

When people ask me what underlies the business of clowning I always say, "Mimicry." That is the first requirement. This is why so many good clowns are such good pantomime artists. We must first see ourselves as others see us.

Many wonder why the clown keeps the whiteface make-up. This is the traditional clown face. Both the costume and the face of the clown have undergone little change in a hundred years. It is, perhaps, the only amusement act that has kept its integrity all these years. Take the slapstick, the bladder and the funny fall and you have the original clown's stock in trade. It remains today. Unless I am mistaken it will remain for another hundred years.

Sad Hearts Under the Clown's Garb

Some successful clown acts are quite accidental. You start to do a stunt, perhaps stomp your toe. Then the crowd laughs. Every time afterward that you do this act you stomp your toe. Some men work at clowning for years and never become real clowns for the reason that clowns are born and not made.

The clown's costume requires great study. I make three complete changes twice a day. We have to buy our own costumes, and by reason of the rough-and-tumble character of our work they need renewing very often. In the old days there was always a boss clown, but now the clown acts are run by the general director of the show.

The clown make-up requires the utmost care and study. It is just as elaborate and requires as much time as the make-up of a character actor on the stage. Noses have to be built up, heads built out and every line drawn in the face must indicate something. Some clowns now use grease-paint, but formerly they only used white powder.

Nothing gives a clown more pleasure, perhaps, than to amuse the very young and the very old. The applause of children is the sweetest music in the world. I never see the little ones barked high up on the seats without thinking of my own.

They say the clown is a jester and has no soul or heart. I will tell you of an incident in my own life. I married after I came to this country, and I had a little boy. All summer I had to be away from him, but in the winters, when the show was in winter quarters and I went back to New York, I spent hours and hours with that little chap.

One year the show opened early and it was still cold. We were playing in a small Wisconsin town. It was a one-night stand and the tent was full. I had an unusually funny act and brand-new. In it I carried a baby around in my arms. I was supposed to be taking it away from the nurse. After I had been on a little while I was told that I was wanted in the pad-room. When I got there some one gave me a telegram from my wife which said: "Frank is dying." That was my boy. He was in New York; I was hundreds of miles away and I could not get to him. Outside in the big tent the band was playing, whips were cracking in the rings, people were laughing and shouting—the whole circus fun was on. There I stood in my clown's garb with the tears streaming down my white make-up. I heard a voice say merrily:

"Come, Jules; we are waiting for you." So I had to go out into that crowded arena with a breaking heart, to laugh and

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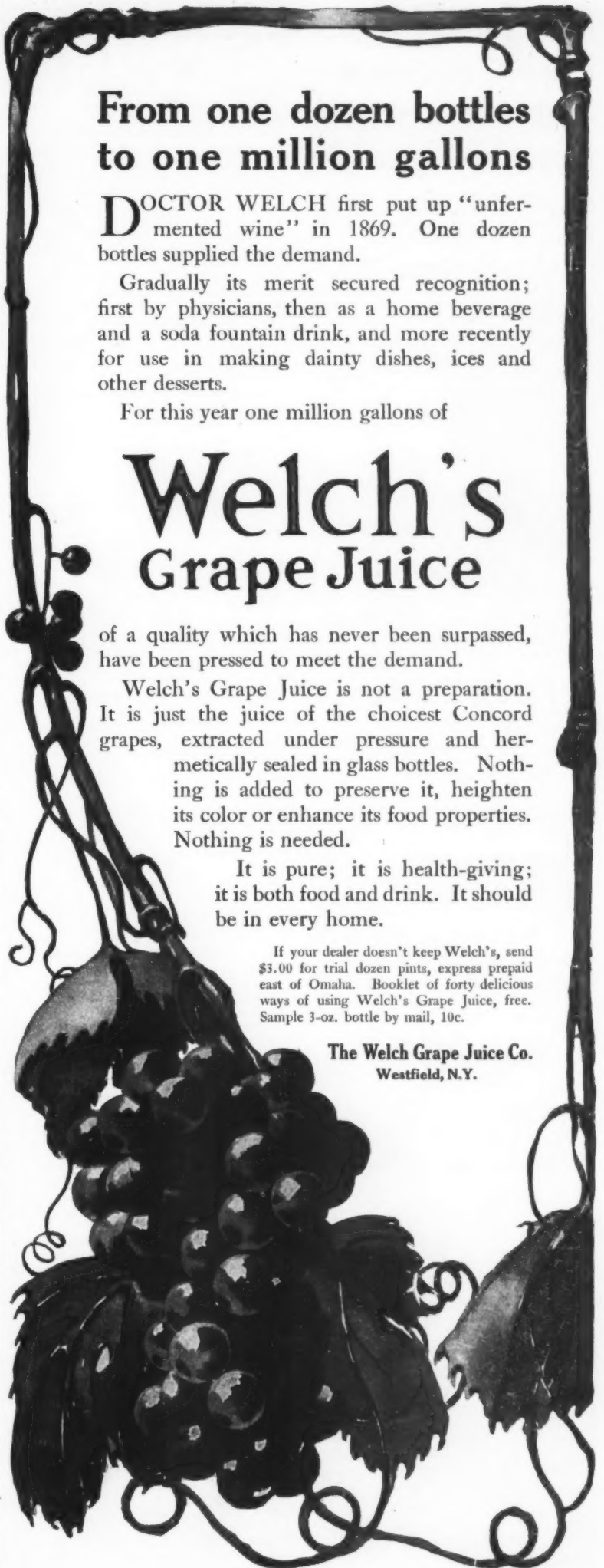
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jest and play with a dummy child while my own lay dying. So you see that behind the mask and motley of my calling there is real tragedy.

I have many chances to look into the heart of the circus, because I am the postman and receive and distribute every letter that comes to the performers. I know them all by name. I go to the post-office in the town as soon as the parade is over. Then I go back to the lot with the mailbag. Sometimes I make four trips a day to the post-office. Many eager hopes hang on those trips. The dashing ladies who ride bareback often look for letters that never come.

I am the special friend and guide of the foreign performers, because I speak half a dozen languages. Every Saturday many of them come to me with their wages and say: "Jules, send this home." I know all the addresses, and when I go after the mail I get postal orders for them.

I add to my income by selling copies of the route. This is a privilege that the owners have given me in view of my long service with them. They have it printed for me each month, and I sell it to the employees for five cents apiece. I get no salary for being postman, but at the end of the season a purse is made up for me.

There is much intermarrying among circus people. It is a curious fact, but clowns often marry bareback riders or aerialists. Then the couples get engagements with the same show and can remain together.

This leads me to another interesting fact about the circus clown. Many people think he is a buffoon all the time. They are much mistaken. Like the professional humorist he takes his calling very seriously.

I once met a man who asked me what my line of business was. When I told him I was a circus clown he thought I was jesting with him. I asked him what he thought I was and he said I looked like a preacher. Perhaps the white string tie that I always wear fooled him.

The Clown of a Dream

There are traditions of real greatness in our profession. There was Grimaldi, king of clowns. He lived in England in the early days of the nineteenth century. He was the greatest pantomimist the world ever saw, and real pantomime died with him. Charles Dickens wrote about him. He appeared as Squire Bugle in the spectacle of Mother Goose at Covent Garden.

There is a story about him that has been handed down from clown to clown these many years. It goes on to say that Grimaldi was once very sick and despondent and he went to see a famous doctor. The great man looked him over and then said:

"Go to see Grimaldi and laugh yourself well."

The clown looked at him sadly and said: "I am Grimaldi."

There is great difference of opinion about the origin of the circus clown. My friend Miaccio thinks he developed from the harlequin. But I don't agree with him. When I was with a small French circus many years ago an old French clown told me this legend: The little daughter of a mountebank once dreamed that she saw her father with white face, white pantaloons and peaked hat, performing before a crowd, and that they were laughing. It was such a vivid dream that she told her father. He was impressed and dressed himself up as she described and became the first circus clown.

Since I have just spoken of the origin of the clown it might be fitting for me to say something of his end. When you are once a circus clown you are always a circus clown. Many die with the show. The white that we put on our faces is like the grease-paint the actors use. It never comes off. Miaccio is nearly seventy and he is still spry and can twist his foot around his neck. I am moving on toward sixty and I seldom make a performance.

For years I have made from fifty to seventy-five dollars a week, and I have saved my money. I own a farm in South Dakota. It is a claim that I staked out ten years ago. A man operates it for me. I also own a house in Independence, Missouri, and it is paid for. I have enjoyed my clowning, and to be content in one's work is a great satisfaction. I know at least that I have caused many persons to forget their troubles, and I have made countless children laugh and clap their little hands with joy. It is good to be a clown.

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throw out entirely, and not offer for sale, so you can be certain of getting a real sure enough farm.

What is Taft?

Taft is a town which we are going to establish in the midst of our tract. It is not yet developed, but we stand ready to put a bank there, and generally help the settlers. We are not going to sell any land in Taft. Instead of selling property here we are going to give, absolutely free, one building lot, 50x100, with every purchase of a 5-acre farm in the Prosper Colony. This will enable our settlers to live on their farms, or in the village, as they prefer. Bear in mind that this building lot costs you absolutely nothing.

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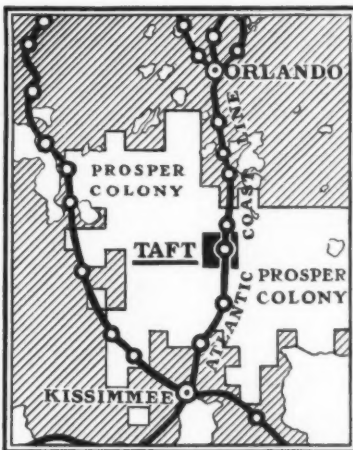
People who join the Prosper Colony will share in the profits of the enterprise beyond. That is to say, after the Prosper Colony has been settled we shall, from time to time, offer for sale the remaining 45,000 acres of our tract, and the owners of the Prosper Colony farms will receive, as a dividend from us, 10% of our net profits, resulting from the sale of these 45,000 acres.

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Look Up Orlando on a Map of Florida and Note the Location of this Tract.

About the Timber

Most of this land has at present timber standing on it. We reserve the right to cut this timber, and take it away, providing we can do so before you want to claim possession of your farm. If, however, you claim the farm before the timber has been taken off, you can have it. We will not stand in your way.

What is the Price?

The price of each of these 5 acre farms, with the building lot thrown in, is \$100—that makes the land cost you only \$20 an acre. Do you know of any land in your vicinity where a farm can be bought for \$100 which will furnish a good, liberal income for a family? This Florida land will do it. The soil, the climate and transportation combine to make it possible for a man to make a good living out of 5 acres. We want good, thrifty people to come down here and help us develop this country. But, if you can not come yourself, buy one or more of these farms, and let the increase in land values boost your fortune. This Florida land is going to become more valuable just as sure as the sun shines.

Terms

You need not send any money at all to us direct. The Orlando Bank & Trust Company, of Orlando, Florida, has consented to act as treasurer for this proposition. As soon as you decide to take up a farm, send to the Orlando Bank & Trust Company \$25, paying the remaining \$75 to them in three monthly installments of \$25 each. As soon as your money is all paid in they will send you a clear deed to your land, with title guaranteed. Then, and not till then, they will hand the money over to us. They will protect your interests. You can buy more than one farm, if you wish, and one of the Taft building lots will be given as a bonus with each farm. A first payment of \$25 should be sent to the Orlando Bank & Trust Company for each farm desired.

Who We Are

The arrangement under which you send your money to the Orlando Bank & Trust Company makes you safe, but if you

want further assurance and want to know more about us personally, write to the Orlando Bank & Trust Company, of Orlando, Florida, to the Barnett National Bank, of Jacksonville, or to any county official of Orange County, Florida. They will all say that we are on the square, and that we are able, successful men. One member of our firm is the largest individual taxpayer in the state of Florida. We live here in our own country. We like it. We want more good people to come down here, and then, we want them to succeed.

Summary

Here is a tract of good farm land, situated right on a great railroad. Suitable soil for raising almost any fruit or vegetable. Easy facilities for shipment, and healthful, equable climate. The towns of Orlando and Kissimmee only ten miles away. The town of Taft to be started right on the ground. And we offer you a real, adequate farm in this spot for \$100, with a building lot given as a bonus, and a share in our profits in selling the rest of the tract. What more could we offer you, and still keep it a reasonable and fair proposition? If you can, buy a farm, and come and live here. If you can't come yourself, buy some land, and let it increase in value while you sleep. Land values in good farming country are bound to rise. If you will let them, they will lift you up.

Allotment

These farms will all be numbered consecutively and will be awarded in the order which our replies come in. In other words, if your acceptance of a farm and lot, accompanied by \$25, is the fifth received, you will get farm No. 50, with building lot in Taft to correspond.

What We Cannot Do

We cannot accept the responsibility of cultivating your land for you. If you can, come yourself, but if you can't come, perhaps you can make arrangements with someone to work your land on shares. If you do not want to do this, just buy the land and hold it for increase in real estate values.

Now, It's Up To You

We have tried to explain our proposition. If there is any point which is not clear, you can write us, or write to any friend you may have in Florida; but if you see, from the above, what a splendid proposition this is, write at once to the Orlando Bank & Trust Company, and secure your farm. Anyhow, do something. Here is Florida coming along with grand strides; people coming in; land values going up; the country flourishing with oranges, grape fruit and truck gardens, and you now have the opportunity to get a share in it. The future belongs to those who plan for it today. Send all letters or inquiries to us,

Beacham & Van Duzor, Orlando, Fla.

Send all money to

Orlando Bank & Trust Company, Orlando, Florida

N. B.—We expect to sell the remainder of our tract at a higher price than we are asking for these first farms. We will not promise to make an offer as liberal as this again.

Varnishes

M. P. Durable Exterior Varnish

(GREEN LABEL BRAND)

is a wonderful varnish for outside or inside exposed woodwork. Especially adapted for front doors, window sash and sills. Is very elastic and flows out with a beautiful deep lustre. Is for use upon exposed parts of residences, buildings, yachts, etc., or wherever an exterior or spar varnish is required.

Price, \$4.00 per gallon
Quarts \$1.00 each

For sale by paint dealers everywhere. If not at yours, we will send by express prepaid on receipt of price.
Full descriptive price list on application.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY

Makers of High Grade Varnishes for all purposes
2589 Rockefeller Building, CLEVELAND, OHIO

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Every day this Summer from Chicago to the Pacific Northwest. Only \$50 from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior via Great Northern Railway to

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle

The Portland Rose Festival, National Irrigation Congress, Spokane, Epworth League Convention, Seattle, and many other meetings in the Northwest.

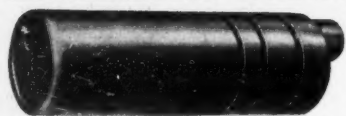
Through daily train Chicago and St. Paul to Seattle, Tacoma and Pacific Coast. For literature and information, address

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WALTER R. BENJAMIN,
225 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Pub. "THE COLLECTOR," \$1 a yr.

THE CHARMER

(Continued from Page 17)

fluttering bird, then dropped in his chair like a limp dishrag. "Tain't no use; it's got to be did." Cooter moved quickly now as a man who had made up his mind. He flung the door open and searched the sky. A waning moon silvered the bare fields and filled the forest with long, keen lances. "Blowin' up cloudy; dat's good."

His preparations were not elaborate, but they were efficient—a sack, some strips of cloth, and the hoodoo charm.

Then he pulled his cap down over his eyes and dived into the night.

Bulger, the watch-dog, would have barked at anybody else who laid hands upon Hoss-fly's henhouse door. A snap of the finger and a pat on the head made it all right. Bulger wagged his tail in the friendliest fashion, while Cooter lifted those precious chickens, one by one, from the roost. He saw Cooter take each hen and tuck her head under her wing, and give each one a hypnotic swing before transferring her to the sack. This was a new wrinkle, and Bulger wanted to know what it was for.

"Dat puts 'em to sleep," Cooter explained. Then Bulger looked wise and kept his mouth shut.

Cooter closed the door very softly and shouldered his bag. Bulger trotted on behind, speeding his parting guest to the edge of the woods, and then stood wagging his tail until his visitor had gone. Cooter chose a sinuous path through the woods, lonely and silent as a serpent, with here and there a patch of moonlight that rested upon it like a shining scale. Once he stopped and listened to a crackling sound. "Mule in de canebrake," and went on. The crackling came again over the swish of a bough; Cooter stopped and saw something, something big and black and ungainly, coming straight toward him. It was not a mule, nor a cow, nor a man. Nothing that human eyes had ever seen before—it was a Thing.

Cooter clutched his conju'-bag, halted in a dense shadow and waited. The moving Thing passed through a patch of moonlight—a huge, awkward, shambling creature that moved on silently. Cooter dropped his sack to one side. Breathless, he crouched beside a tree and watched. "Lord A'mighty," he muttered, and turned to run. But his charm failed him; he fell over a log, and floundered among the dry leaves. When the terror-stricken negro sprang to his feet he had lost all sense of direction. He dodged around a big tree and ran into a pair of muscular arms which seized and throttled him. Together they fell to the ground. They fought and scuffled through a blackberry thicket, then rolled over and over into a patch of moonlight.

"Lord a mussy! Lord a mussy!" Cooter shouted and the Thing turned him loose.

"Huh!" exclaimed a disgusted voice. "Tain't nobody but Cooter."

"Dat you, Hoss-fly?"

"Yas! What you mean, nigger, grabbin' me dat away? Don't you know I'se got er high temper an' liable to bus' you open? Come a-prankin' wid me when I warn't studyin' bout you."

Hoss-fly burst out indignantly, but he kept looking behind him, down the path. When Cooter caught his breath he remarked, "You didn't look lak no man—looked lak a debbil's hearse."

Suddenly they heard another shuffling and a flopping in the thicket. "Oh, Lawd!" yelled Cooter, jerking off his hat to make a good run. The scare had got on his nerves. Hoss-fly did not stir. "Tain't nuffin'," he said.

His composure reassured the other. Cooter listened more critically to the noise; it sounded as if some crippled animal were thrashing among the leaves.

Cooter smiled and stepped forward in the darkness; Hoss-fly attempted to catch his arm, but the other negro broke loose. Hoss-fly waited uncertainly until Cooter called: "Hoss-fly, what you doin' wid dese yaller chickens o' mine? You'se been to my house whilst I war gone." Hoss-fly promptly explained:

"You see, Cooter, it war dis way; my ole 'ooman gin me de debbil fer swappin' off her chickens—she set a heap o' sto' by dem yaller hens. 'Twarn't no sleepin' in my house till dat 'ooman got pac'fied. She jes' 'sputed an' argued till I had to

This advertisement is copyrighted Feb. 27, 1909, by HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN, Lowell, Mass.

People in Every Walk of Life of all Ages and Both Sexes

Should Wear Heels of Live Rubber on Their Shoes

This Article is Supplementary to Editorial in
THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL

The Multitudes of Young and Old People

Suffering From Weak Insteps and
Flat Foot Acquired the Trouble
Wearing Leather Heel Shoes
That Run Down at the Side.

relieve the thousand and one symptoms, some of them most obscure, that are to-day known to be caused by the giving away of that little keystone.

Consult an exact drawing or an X-ray photograph of the foot, showing the normal arch and the keystone. The arch is supported and the keystone kept in place by the strong muscles on the back and front of the leg. The moment these muscles commence to suffer from fatigue and lose their tone the first stage of trouble begins. People whose occupations are such as to cause them to become fatigued are almost sure to develop some degree of falling of the arch, unless they properly support the keystone by some substance that is springy and elastic and thus prevent overfatigue of the leg muscles.

This is all accomplished by using the heels of Live Rubber. The formation of this heel is such that it exactly supports the keystone, and by making walking easy prevents fatigue of the leg muscles.

When you cannot walk as far as you used without a feeling of fatigue, or your back aches, or you have an ache at the base of your brain; or a pain in your knees, ankles, or across the top of your feet, don't commence buying some patent medicine for rheumatism, but buy a good, substantial shoe that is straight on the inside and wide enough at the toes—that comes well up into the arch of the foot—then have a pair of Live Rubber Heels put on and save yourself all the pain and trouble that are bound to accompany a case of advanced falling of the arch of the foot.

On account of piracy in advertising, this short talk applies to the heels of Live Rubber made by O'Sullivan Rubber Company of Lowell, Mass., Orthopedic Dept.

The name "O'SULLIVAN" on rubber is like "STERLING" on silver

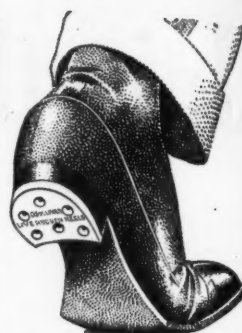
If your dealer can't supply you, send diagram of heel and 35c. to the makers, O'SULLIVAN RUBBER HEEL CO., Lowell, Mass.

If you have not worn rubber heels, invest 50 cents in a pair, but be sure that you get "O'Sullivan's"; they are the only kind made of Live Rubber. Substitutes are not made of Live Rubber; they are partly old ground-up rubber and partly rags. Heels of Live Rubber have the endorsement of all thoughtful people; they fit in anywhere where noise is a nuisance, where people are afflicted with weak insteps, where one has a disinclination to walk, and where the daily grind is a thing to be met and overcome.

If every bit of delicate machinery that man produces carries with it springs, ball bearings, shock

absorbers, and such like to lessen the wear and tear, why should mankind place a piece of hard leather paved with iron nails beneath his heel and stamp his way along rough walks with never a thought for his own well balanced self? To be consistent, if you put a shock absorber on your automobile to save its machinery, do as much for your own body.

When you order Rubber Heels insist upon getting "O'Sullivan's," as they are the only heels made of Live Rubber. The price of O'Sullivan's heels is 50 cents of all dealers. Substitutes cost the same but give the dealer 8 cents more profit—that's why he tells you they are just as good.



The first heeled shoes your children wear should be equipped with long, low heels of Live Rubber instead of leather, because they are better than leather in every way.

1st, they make the child's play noiseless.

2d, they help to support the inner or weaker side of the foot.

3d, they cause the child or adult to step straight and normally.

4th, they prevent toeing out in walking, which is abnormal.

Leather heels won't do this. If they did, young people would not be afflicted with weak insteps as they are. Hospital statistics prove that the percentage of weak ankles is greater among young people than among middle-aged people and old people.

On the first heeled shoes that children wear a No. 2 thickness of heel, which is 11-32 in. thick, should be used. For people of mature age the one-half inch heel of Live Rubber should be used because it has more wear and more elasticity.

The value of O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels to people in active life is now an admitted fact; and the reason why the great leading magazines recommend them is because they eliminate the jar in walking and give a noiseless, easy stride.

The great value of Heels of Live Rubber is more than this—They encourage walking, making it healthful, fascinating and delightful.

Superior UNION SUITS

"Fill it in with Superior"

Take your choice, the distressed look that comes from "too much knowledge" of the aggravation of two-piece underwear and a consequent lack of determination of what to wear—or the expression of the satisfied man who is properly clothed in a union suit of the right kind.

Superior Union Suits

are different from all other underwear—two-piece or union. They give comfort, fit and service unsurpassed. They are the most reasonably priced and altogether satisfactory underwear ever offered. No shirt to crawl up—no drawers to drop down. Among Superior special features are: Never-rip seams. Specially knitted elastic fabric. Shaped neck. Cuffs that do not become bell shaped. "The Lap without the gap." "The Crotch that covers." Buttons the best. Buttonholes that will not spread. Sloping Shoulders that do not sag. Comfort, service, satisfaction. All sizes; all styles; for all men.

SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO.
238 River St., Piquette, Ohio.

Write us for a handsome illustrated booklet

The Superior
A PERFECT UNION SUIT

Ask your dealer—look for the label and insist on its being "Superior."

The Tire That Won't Come Off

When a Goodyear Quick Detachable Auto Tire is used on the Goodyear Universal Rim you have a combination which is absolutely SAFE.

No force which would not wreck the wheel can remove the tire from the rim.

This has been proved by the severest tests imaginable. We have induced dozens of people to purposely skid around turns on rough roads with the tire in all stages of inflation, from fully pumped up to absolutely "flat," in the attempt to force it off the rim. There were rewards in store for the man who could succeed. All failed.

The tires invariably stayed on. Yet the side strain under such conditions was so severe that it must have amounted to tons.

Yet when the time comes that you wish to remove a tire, the detachable flange which holds the tire in place can be unlocked by



loosening one nut with an ordinary wrench, when the flange can be snapped off with your fingers and a screwdriver. No Special Tools of any nature are required.

Anyone—no matter how inexperienced—can remove or replace a Goodyear Detachable Auto Tire in 60 seconds by the watch when used on the Goodyear Universal Rim.

This is only one of the dozens of superior features, all well worth a full page of description.

Taken together, these features solve all tire problems and eliminate all tire worries.

To know them all, write for our helpful book, "How to Select an Auto Tire." Every motorist who has had tire troubles should have it.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company Seneca Street, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies: Boston, Mass., 261 Dartmouth St.; Cincinnati, Ohio, 317 E. 5th St.; Los Angeles, Cal., 949-51 S. Main St.; Philadelphia, Pa., Broad and Fairmount Ave.; New York City, 64th St. and Broadway; San Francisco, Cal., 506 Golden Gate Ave.; Chicago, Ill., 80-82 Michigan Ave.; Cleveland, Ohio, 2005 Euclid Ave.; Milwaukee, Wis., 180-192 8th St.; St. Louis, Mo., 3235-7 Olive St.; Buffalo, N. Y., 719 Main St.; Detroit, Mich., 251 Jefferson Ave.; Pittsburgh, Pa., 5988 Centre Ave.; Omaha, Neb., 2010 Farnam St.; Washington, D. C., 1026 Connecticut Ave.; Atlanta, Ga., 90 N. Pryor St.; Louisville, Ky., 1049-51 Third St.; New Orleans, La., 706-16 Barrone St.; Memphis, Tenn., 181-5 Madison St.; Dallas, Tex., 111 N. Akard St.; Denver, Colo., 28 W. Colfax Ave.; Baltimore, Md., 291 Park Ave.; Kansas City, Mo., 16th and McGee Sts.; St. Joseph, Mo., 316-24 N. 2nd St.; Providence, R. I., 366 Fountain St.

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Room 9—977 Menadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

When this invention is used one pound of tea goes as far as three pounds. Agents send for my Acorn T-Maker
DR. LYONS, 1029 Day Street, Pekin, Ill.

swap back, 'n ez you warn't at home I fotch 'em along jes' to save a trip in de mornin'."

"Is dat so? Is dat so?" Cooter ruminated a while, then he slapped his leg and laughed. "Well, ef dat don't beat de Jews, an' de Jews beat de debbil. Speerits must ha' been totin' messages twixt me an' you. I was settin' at a gal's house on Redbone Plantation an' sumpin' kep' a-whisperin' to me: 'Hoss-fly ain't satisfied; Hoss-fly ain't satisfied.' I could hear it same as I hears you. An' it kep' a-whisperin': 'Go to Hoss-fly's house an' tell 'im you wants to swap back.' So I goes to yo' house, an' hatin' to wake you up I brung dem black chickens along wid me —"

"What! You ain't tuk my black chickens 'dout sayin' nuthin' to me?" But Hoss-fly lived in a glass house, so he cooled down, and inquired, "Whar dey?"

"Right dar in my sack."

Each negro reclaimed his own chickens and asked no awkward questions. They sat side by side on a log, buried the dead past, and planned a new future. Presently Cooter arose: "Come on; we's got to hurry ef we specks to git dese chickens to Vicksburg by mornin'." Hoss-fly followed, far from the road, in the very depths of the swamp.

"Here's a good place," said Cooter finally, dropping an iron pot with a thud, and easing down his bag of chickens. Hoss-fly deposited his burden and looked around him. The place was happily chosen, close to the bayou and surrounded by dense cane. They could boil their water and pick their chickens, burn the feathers and throw the offal into the creek. No one would be wiser except the garfish.

Scraping some dry leaves together Cooter made a fire, got water from the bayou and swung his pot. There was no experimenting and no awkwardness, for he knew just how to do it. Hoss-fly killed the chickens; a whirl and a swing and a jerk—all was over except the picking.

They worked skillfully, talking in low tones, but incessantly, for the swamp was full of creeping and crawling things which they hated to think about. Once a dog bayed, the long cry of the chase. Cooter started nervously and dropped a handful of feathers on the fire. "Hear dat?"

Hoss-fly nodded. "Dat's nuffin' but Bill Martin's 'possum dog."

Cooter went on stripping off feathers until the clean skin of his fowl glistened in the firelight. He tied the legs together and laid it on a bed of leaves. As he took up another he paused:

"Hoss-fly, did de dogs ebber git atter you—not dese common house dogs. I mean convict dogs—nigger dogs?"

Hoss-fly shook his head, but refrained from alluding to certain embarrassing gossip that he had heard concerning Cooter. Cooter dipped his hen in the pot and began: "One time dey had me on de convict farm. Scused me wrongfu'. Didn't make no difference what I said, jedge said, 'Ninety days.' I never would ha' stayed dar 'ceptin' fer dem nigger dogs—couldn't make friends wid 'em no kind o' way. Dere wuz a nigger in dere what had been in de Missouri pentencherie an' de Arkansas an' de Tennessee—he sho' war a knowledgy nigger. He tuk a likin' to me, an' one night he say, 'Cooter, I'm gwine to hit de big road. Wanter go wid me?'"

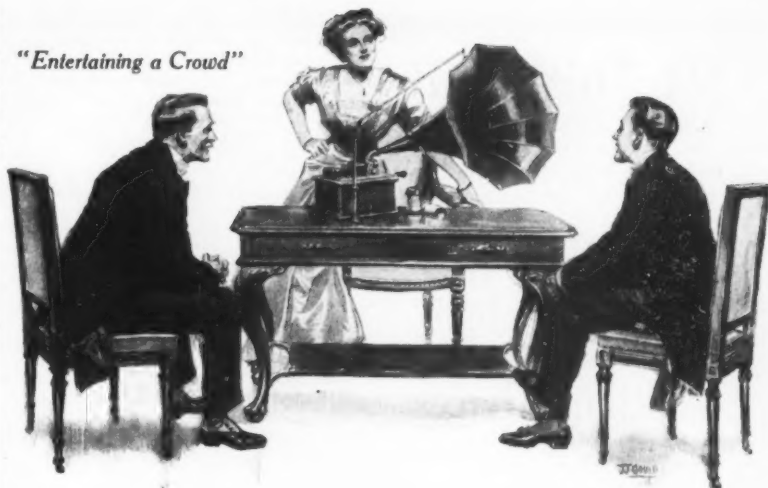
"What 'bout dem dogs?" sez I.

"Huh!" sezee, 'jes' watch my smoke. Dogs don't 'mount to hill o' beans ef you knows how to throw 'em off de scent."

"Dat nigger saved every bit o' red pepper he could lay hands on. He dried it an' powdered it. Dat night when we left camp we sot down in de aige o' de woods, an' tied our feet up in sacks, sprinkled wid red pepper. Den we lit out to walkin'. Atter while we heerd dem dogs come bulging outen de stockade. An', listen to me, Hoss-fly, dat sho' do make a nigger feel curyus. I war p'intedly skeered, but dat udder nigger he jes' laffed. 'Wait,' sezee, 'till dey git to sniffin' dat pepper.' Sho' nuff, we could hear 'em runnin' an' bayin' till dey got to whar dey smelt pepper. Den dey change dey chune, an' set up a kind o' sneezin' an' a whinin' like a litter o' pups. 'Run now,' said the udder nigger; den we tuk our foot in hand an' hit de big road."

When the fowls had been picked and dressed Cooter drew his dugout from its hiding-place and got the paddle ready. They stowed their cargo on some fresh moss. Their paddles made no stir in the

"Entertaining a Crowd"



Songs and music never before offered in Record form can now be had in AMBEROL RECORDS for

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

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The new Edison Phonographs play both the standard Edison Records and the Amberols. Any Edison Phonograph (except the Gem) can be changed to play both at a small expense by asking your dealer.

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Will Oakland

National Phonograph Co., 11 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

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The only razor with which anyone can strop automatically, correctly and quickly without removing the blade, and shave with a barber's velvet smoothness. Combines all the good points of both "safety" and "old style."

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AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.
Dept. J, 345 Fifth Avenue, New York City
61 New Oxford St., London 14 St. Helen St., Montreal



Standard Outfit—Self-stropping, Silver-plated Razor, 12 Blades and fine Horsehide Strop contained in Leather case, \$5. Money back if not satisfied after 30 days trial.

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Price \$2.00

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Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to
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Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio.

THE KEEPER OF THE GATE

(Continued from Page 4)

Another kind of fraud with which the Collector must deal is undervaluation. This is strongly akin to smuggling, and even more subtle. Among such cases there occurred, in February and March, 1908, frauds perpetrated by seven firms of dress-makers in which the Government collected penalties amounting to twenty thousand dollars. These cases were principally important for the reason that they broke up a systematic scheme of undervaluation and prompted other dressmakers and importing firms to enter their goods at true value.

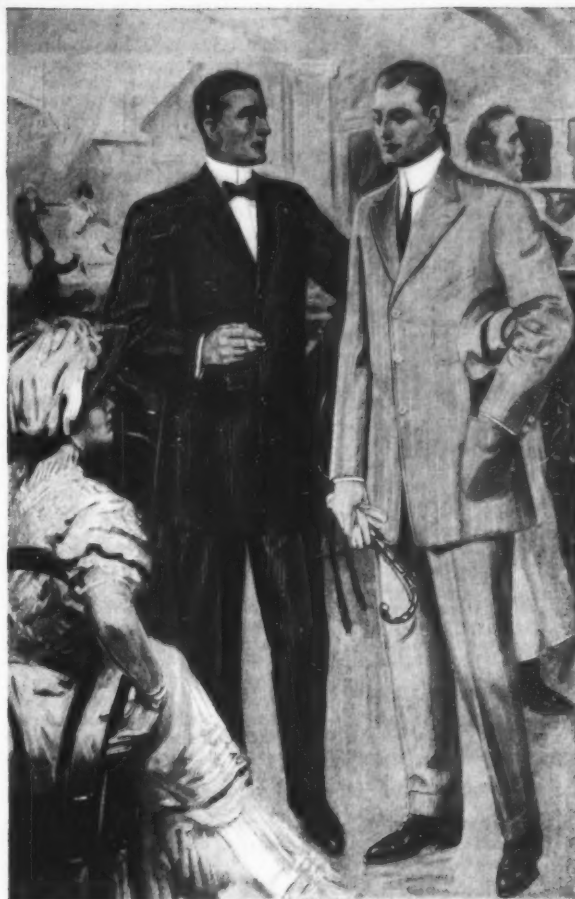
Up to date certain sugar companies have paid to the Government, on re-liquidation under protest, one million two hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars. In addition to this, the Government obtained judgment against the American Sugar Refining Company for one hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars as penalties. The Government also claims that there is still a million dollars due: five hundred thousand for frauds in weighing sugar at the Jersey City refineries, and five hundred thousand for frauds perpetrated at the Havemeyer & Elder refinery prior to 1901. The re-liquidated entries are for frauds committed from 1901 up to their discovery.

The frauds perpetrated at the Havemeyer & Elder refinery resulted in the indictment of certain United States assistant weighers. The Collector's attention was directed to the difference in the weights of the sugar weighed by the Government weighers and the weights of the same sugar made by the city weighers, who represented the purchaser, and the conclusion at once followed that the importing company had failed to pay full duties. It was discovered that the short weights returned by the Government weighers were due to the fraudulent manipulation of the scales by means of a concealed mechanical device, which was discovered some months before by Richard Parr, a special employee of the Treasury Department. Expert accountants were detailed on the case and discovered that, in one year, the Government had been defrauded of one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars' duty. The exhibits were laid before Secretary Cortelyou, who directed that the matter be placed in the hands of the District Attorney of the Southern District of New York, and so energetically did that officer prosecute the case that a verdict of one hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars was rendered a few days before the Collector was retired from office by the new Administration.

The Right Way to Treat Seagoers

It remained for Secretary Cortelyou temporarily to take the Collectorship out of politics and place it on a business basis. Mr. Cortelyou was led to this step by the many complaints brought to the attention of the President through the business interests of New York.

Many changes should be made for the betterment of the service—most notably in the landing of incoming passengers on the arriving steamers. The fact that a vessel which reaches the Lower Bay or Quarantine early in the evening is obliged to lie at anchor all night, where the anxious home-coming passenger sees the lights in his window and yet must content himself for hours, until after sunrise the next day, before he is permitted to go ashore, is, in my judgment, wrong. The antiquated customs laws and the red tape of the Treasury Department should be done away with in this particular and more modern legislation be enacted to keep pace with the progress of the age. When an incoming vessel is anchored for the night within the jurisdiction of the Collector, there is no reason why the passengers should not be permitted to take their hand baggage with them and be transferred to a landing stage which could bring them direct to the steamship company's wharf. There, a properly-organized night force of inspectors and appraisers could forthwith examine and pass the hand baggage, thus permitting the travelers and homecomers to go to their homes at once. The next day the vessel could proceed to her pier, and the passengers who had not availed themselves of this privilege, and the customs officials could then examine the baggage. If, for any reason, the passenger or his



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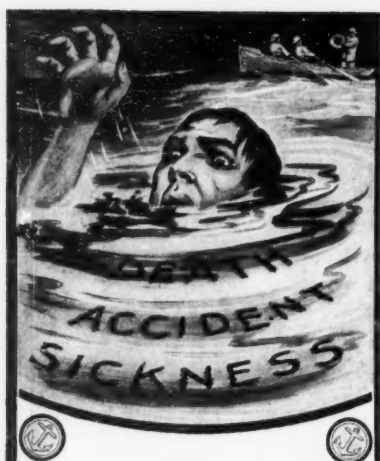
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representative should fail to be present when the vessel reached her pier, the baggage would at once be sent to the Appraiser's warehouse for examination and delivery. This policy, if adopted, would do away with a large amount of attempted smuggling by means of the "sleeper" trunk with which the customs officers are acquainted. It would accommodate the traveling public and please those who lack the necessary influence to be taken from the vessel in advance of others—a proceeding that gives rise to just criticism of our customs laws. Other reforms in the administration of the customs are practical, but will meet with opposition so long as the Collectorship and the Custom House are conducted in the interests of political ambition, and not in the interests of business and good administration, pure and simple.

With the collections amounting to one hundred and ninety million dollars a year and possibly more of the people's money to be collected and accounted for, why should political aspirants have anything more to do in the appointing or displacing of a competent Collector of Customs, with his vast responsibility and his required knowledge of the law and regulations, than they have in the selection of a president for the Park Bank or the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York City? If such an encroachment were made upon the rights of depositors and stockholders a cry would be raised such as never had been heard before in the business community. Why, then, should the Collectorship of the Port of New York, one of the greatest known business offices in the world, be regarded as a reward for political fealty? Has the time not arrived when the office should be entirely divorced from the influence of the spoilsman, when the people's rights should be considered and their interests safeguarded as carefully as they would be in a well-organized bank or trust company?

THE LAST PASSENGER

(Continued from Page 7)

expect not much of anything from us, no? You laugh, you English, no, at our little world?"

Cranborne shrugged his shoulders. "It's taken the best years of my life—your little world."

Still twisting the corners of her scarf she raised her eyes and looked at him a little defiantly.

"You think our world is four walls with a patio in the center and a little fountain, maybe. And every day the sun shine down the same and the shadows move slow—slow—across. And the nex' day and the nex' day the same. And the little *niñas* go to church—and sometimes a peek-neek, or a ball when the warships stop in the harbor—and the carnival and always church and—and then we are married, maybe, and go away. And then there are no more peek-neeks or balls, and there is another four walls and another patio with the sun shining always and the shadows moving across it slow——" She spread out her hands and went on mockingly as if taking the words from his mouth. "We play the piano a leetle—and paint—a leetle—and espik a leetle French, but——"

"Oh, I say," interposed the Englishman seriously. "Not a bit—not a bit. I——"

"No? And why not? For that is quite right!"

And Olympia McGrath shrugged her shoulders and laughed a little bitterly.

"And now, señor, will you say what you are sent to say? Your *capitan* have give' you some insult to bring, no doubt, because he dare not bring it himself. And you are silent? Be brave, señor! Espik it out! I am only one woman—Olympia McGrath—who have been laughed at and insult' many times. I am—what you say? The joke of the West Coast, señor. Tell me—I shall be imprison' here for the voyage, no?"

Cranborne blushed and stirred uneasily. "You are to be put off at Cerro Blanco tomorrow morning," he said.

"Ah!" The girl's fists clenched and she half rose, then sank back again, lifted and dropped her shoulders wearily.

"You did not wish to say that, señor. I know that. And do you know why? It is because you are a gentleman. You are Ingles, but you are not like this monster



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MacFeehan. I saw that when I have come on board. You have receive' me—what shall I say—it was not much, and yet—and yet I know you have not always been what you are. In England you have know' another life than this. Estrange things happen on this coast and estrange people come here—but a gentleman is a gentleman, no? Do not be afraid, señor. I shall make no trouble."

"Miss McGrath—I would give everything I have in the world to —"

"Ah! You are Castellano, too! Just an Englishman would not have say that! But—but yet you are English, too. I have say that you are a gentleman, señor, and for that and because you are Ingles I talk to you. I cannot talk as I like to our own men. In some ways they are old when you English are but boys and in some things they are never grown. They would not understand."

"You think it estrange I travel up and down this coast alone—here, there—always in the way. It is estrange. But what would you, señor? You thought it was estrange to hear that song, no?" She threw out her arm vehemently. "You think that is estrange! But what if you yourself were like that song—out of place—part of this and part of that. Your body here, your soul far away!" She flung out her arm vaguely. "Wanting to do this, always ending by doing that. Wanting to do and ending by doing nothing. My life is like that, señor."

"Up there," and she threw her arm toward the North, "ees my father's world and your world, señor—the real world, no? Ah, you need not shake your head! Do I not know it—have I not read? Sometimes at night when the ship is still and I walk on deck alone—when the mountains are like they are now, señor—a black wall shutting out the East—it seem' to me I can see the glow from the lights of those far-away cities shining overhead in our sky. And sometimes it seem' I can hear a—a zumbido, señor, coming up over the round shoulder of the earth—the low hum of those great cities and those oceans of people sweeping always across the North, rolling and breaking and rolling onward again—just as you can hear the surf thundering, day and night, from the little hotel at Mollendo."

"And rolling over you and burying you sometimes," said Cranborne. "It's what I've spent my life running away from."

"Ah—us, perhaps! But not you—for you are English. And the English bury others, but are not bury themselves. And am I not my father's daughter? Sometime' it come' over me like—a ventarion—a hurricane, as you say, and it pulls me up by the very roots and would whirl me away—away up there! And yet, in the end, nothing happens, and I do not go because underneath I am still my mother's daughter and the daughter of all those women who have live' between four walls, back and back and back to the days of the viceroys. The hurricane blows, but my feet are tied and I bend like a reed in the wind. That's the way with us women, señor."

"I know," said Cranborne. But the girl only shrugged her shoulders.

"I think you do not know much of hurricanes, you English!" she said. "It's more the money with you."

Cranborne looked at her intently for a moment and said nothing.

"Money makes a good bit of difference in our lives," he said slowly. "God knows it's made enough in mine." And then he laughed, a short, rather contemptuous laugh, and looked at her again, shaking his head and saying nothing.

"It isn't much of a blower, you know—my hurricane. I can't say that. You get it first out of a book, like enough. But it catches you very neatly and nicely about the twentieth parallel as you're steaming southward—along there where the flying-fish begin and the gray water turns blue—indigo water full of seaweed. And it creeps into you like fever or hunger or—Hurricanes? Bah! One of those sunshiny mornings with that breeze—like velvet—coming off the Caribbean and the dawns that sweep up and blind you while you're sipping a thimbleful of coffee. Or a Cordillera town on a frosty night with the water racing down the drains and the moon so near you can touch it almost. Or the west wall of the Andes blazing in the sunset—from the canefields to the snow-line, wrinkled brass—I mean that's the kind of a ventarion that blows you after twenty years into a

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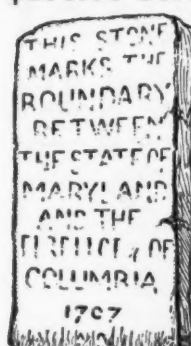
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greasy little West Coast boat with a cabin alongside the rotten pineapples and a little book to make marks in." The Englishman snapped his fingers, spread out his hand and then slapped it on the window-sill. "Oh—I know it all right—that other side of the horizon. I've chased it for twenty years. I've made money in the nitrate fields and lost it in the mines, and won at the Jockey Club at Buenos Aires and lost in the banana-bush, and had 'em measure me for my coffin and set it down beside my bed. I've seen all they had to show me, and a precious fine mess I've made of it."

The Señorita McGrath watched him from her piano-stool with almost frightened eyes, her pallor gone, more and more nervously twisting the ends of the lace scarf. "Señor!" she said breathlessly, "I—I do not know many men—you are brave—you have seen many dangers. I wish I were a man. What shall I say? You have lived, señor."

"Lived!" sniffed Cranborne; "like a turtle on a rock in the sun."

"Ah—no! You have fight your way alone in strange places—like my father. If I have been a man, and you, I would have cling to my family while there was a crumb to eat, so that I might still be a gentleman. But you have give up everything—I do not ask why, but I know you have—and make your own way and are still a gentleman. And that is not so easy, señor."

"Miss McGrath," said the Englishman slowly, "I hope you realize what you are saying. Nobody in twenty years has talked to me like that. And it doesn't make any difference to me that it isn't true. As a matter of fact, I've never done anything. The worst thing I ever fought was mosquitoes. I didn't even run away because I'd shot my rival or cheated at cards or the lady wouldn't have me—"

"Oh!" cried Olympia McGrath.

"There never was any lady. I went away because I liked it—because I didn't want to be what you've been kind enough to—because I was lazy—And I didn't go back because I was too lazy to go back—and now I couldn't go back. I'd get homesick at home." Cranborne smiled and shook his head.

"I'm the joke of the West Coast," he said.

Olympia McGrath drew in her breath quickly and for a moment their eyes met.

"Suppose," said Cranborne slowly, "suppose that you were a little niña with a piano lesson to get and I was the dashing young man on the street corner looking up at your balcony and listening to you play. It might be a long, long time before you'd ever come to the window and show that you knew I was there—"

"I don't know what you mean, señor!" whispered Olympia McGrath, half rising and watching him with wide-open eyes.

"I mean that we aren't children any more, you and I. I mean that this deck is the street and that I've been waiting outside your window for twenty years—that all the ventarrons and far horizons are gathered up and alive and standing right in front of me now, Miss McGrath; that's what I mean." He suddenly leaned through the window and seized her hands. "I'll follow you and wait below for twenty years more if you say so, but I want you and—will you marry me?—that's what I mean!"

Olympia McGrath drew her hands away and pressed them across her breast.

"Señor!" she gasped, "this is not the way such things are done! Here—alone—on a stimboat. *Mia—my—my family!*"

"But I've got a family, too," faltered Cranborne; "they're quite—That is, they've lived in the same county for four centuries and—if it makes any difference—the library wing was built three years before Pizarro saw Peru. They mightn't like to see me, but they're quite nice people, and—if—Both the family—we'll have a family of our own!"

Captain MacFechan was in the act of raking in a heap of chips when he paused to analyze the unusual sounds which echoed within the ventilator shaft from the music-room directly underneath.

"What in Heaven's name is that?" demanded the phonograph drummer, stopping as he was about to deal, with his hands on the cards. The captain leaned over and put his ear to the shaft.

"God help us!" he gasped. "It's that fool purser and Olympia McGrath. They're singin' Home, Sweet Home!"

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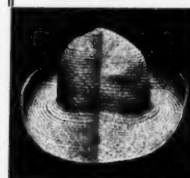
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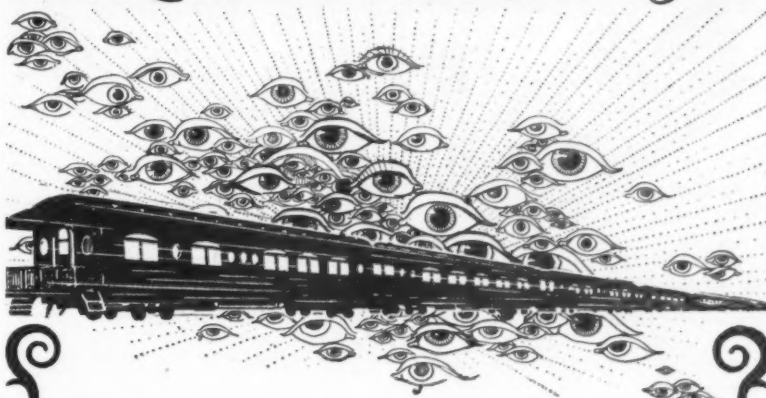
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THE BLUE TEAPOT

(Concluded from Page 15)

his roof, heard the sharpening of a knife. His eyes were closed, but he was so fearfully sure of the act, nevertheless, that his breath almost left his body. "We'll pick out the chickens," said the giant, and then the room was quiet.

The clock had ticked off five solemn minutes before Thomas emerged from under the bed. He walked to the shelf and from the tiptoes of his patent-leather pumps reached the blue teapot. It chinked in the same merry way that it had under its master's hand. He threw open the door and sped blindly down the path. In a whirl of sky and cabbage he saw the giant spring up from the ground in instant pursuit. He heard his excited cries and loud, awful words. In another whirl of water, sky and impending precipice he saw Calista, the faithful mother, awaiting his return. His red legs shot into the air and in a moment the blue teapot was safe in Calista's arms.

"You needn't run," said Calista bravely, but pale with excitement, nevertheless. "The giant has broken his neck."

Thomas looked, and there, at the foot of the eight-foot precipice, where he had taken his angry leap, lay Giant O'Halloran.

Doctor Jayne was very late for dinner that night at the hotel and ate with some abstraction. Later he joined a couple on the moonlit veranda who were not a little surprised at the intrusion.

"You'll pardon me," he began, "but I want to talk to you about a strange case that has just come under my attention. It's old O'Halloran, who furnishes the hotel with garden stuff. He is suffering with a broken leg."

"Oh, I remember him," said Aunt Clotilde with immediate sympathy. "Do sit down, Doctor. Is there anything I can do?"

"Well, possibly," said the doctor dryly. "I've just come from the hospital. It's a Munchausen tale, but I suppose it ought to be told. Shall I go on?"

Aunt Clotilde's companion, who was Mr. Harry Woodbury, of Kansas City, offered the doctor a cigar and bit off the end of his own before he replied. "I don't see your trend, Doctor," he said, "and my train leaves in an hour, but if it's relevant go ahead."

"The old man broke his leg under strange circumstances, it seems," went on the doctor evenly. "A thief entered his house some time today, he says, and carried off his earnings which were concealed in a pitcher or something of that kind. It was in the pursuit O'Halloran's leg was broken. He says the thief was a small boy and declares he knows him. It's going to be an ugly story."

Mr. Harry Woodbury removed his cigar and looked keenly at the narrator. "If you'll excuse me, Clotilde," he said, "I'll speak alone with the doctor."

"No, she'll be interested," interfered the doctor quietly. "The old fellow says that just before he fell he saw the thief give the money into the possession of a little girl. He thinks he knows her, too. Of course, I'm not vouching for this tale, but O'Halloran is mentioning names—I'd see him as soon as possible if I were you."

Aunt Clotilde rose with decision. "Pardon me," she said, "but, knowing Calista, I think I see in this what my respected and indulgent sister would call 'a manifestation of the blood.' If you will wait a few moments I think I can prove that neither Thomas nor Calista was really involved—that what really happened was that a certain ancestor poet who lived one hundred and fifty years ago, aided and abetted by a certain ancestor actor of the same time, made off with the money and thereby caused Mr. O'Halloran to break his leg."

Aunt Clotilde went directly to her room. Calista was sleeping. Her bright hair strewn the pillow and on her face was the softly tender expression of tired childhood. Aunt Clotilde shook her vigorously by the arm. "Calista," she said sternly, "where did you put that money?"

"What money?" answered Calista drowsily. "I don't know. Stop shaking me. Oh, if you mean the giant's money, we buried it under our house in the sand."

And this is the story of The Blue Teapot, or how Patrick O'Halloran acquired the title to a house and three acres of land.



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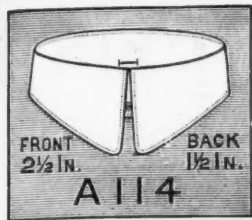
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Coonrod Sprengel's Weather Book

(Continued from Page 11)

blithely, the maples and elms were in bloom, and a languorous south wind was kissing from the earth the last traces of old Winter's white camps. But the almanac, alas, read: "Cold wave. A very severe storm. Temperature as low as ten above."

This cold wave was already three days overdue, and for three days Coonrod Sprengel had sat in his office with feet as cold as if the blizzard had actually arrived and caught him with his stove down. This egregious blunder on the part of Doctor Philo had brought him for the first time to a realization of the depth of his plunge into the sea of speculation; and the sum total of his contracts, viewed in the possibility of rain, gave him a strangely hollow feeling somewhere inside. Hence Grimm's appeal to be released from his engagement had fallen on the justice's ears like sweet music.

After the farmer had gone Coony sat by the window for an hour, enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke—a sure sign that his thought-factory was at work. What his thoughts were Hans Dietz, of course, had no means of knowing; but two days later a thing happened which astonished and rather worried Hans. Wouter van Schaick, another hay contractor, appeared at the office and asked to be released. Stranger still, Coonrod released him. Now, Hans had not breathed the secret of the almanac to a living soul except Otto Grimm, and he would have staked the last cent of his precious savings that Grimm had not breathed it to any one else. Yet, unless he had received some assurance about having weather for this year, why should Wouter want to be let off?

Nor was this the end of the matter. The next day after Wouter's call Peter Pler appeared on the same errand. The next day still another contractor appeared; and from this time on there was a pretty constant flow of farmers into the office. Some cheerfully paid the price of their release, others haggled and squirmed and whined; but in the end the result was the same. And when Fritz Grimmelshausen, the first to contract, the last to be released, signed his check for eighty dollars it brought Coonrod's balance on his speculation to forty-eight hundred dollars.

It was the most money he had ever made in one year and it was by all odds the easiest money he had ever made. His satisfaction, it would seem, should have been unalloyed. Yet when the timothy began to green the slopes and levels of Cherry Valley, Coonrod was conscious of a kind of unrest. The truth was, making money without work was not especially agreeable to him. He liked work and he enjoyed that money most for which he had worked the hardest. Hence, for even a dollar an acre more—could he only have been sure of getting it—he would gladly have held on to his contracts and assumed the work of marketing the hay.

When July first arrived, and the valley was covered with as fine a stand of grass as the oldest inhabitant had ever seen, Coonrod positively began to suffer. Forsaking his office, he spent the beautiful days in jogging about the countryside behind old Roan. But this return to his old habits brought him no amelioration. The perfect weather was only a tantalization. Every lush meadow on which he had once held a lien seemed to break into impish, mirthful ripples when he passed. Every acquaintance who sang out "Fine wedder for hay, Coonrod!" seemed to have his tongue in his cheek and a twinkle of ridicule in his eye. So Coonrod, from being one of the most indefatigable debaters of the weather, now came to hate its very name.

His contracts had become an open secret in the valley and rumor naturally quadrupled their amount. The fame of the weather book, too, had reached the ears of the humblest murderer of the King's English in that fair domain. As a consequence the hay crop was watched with an almost breathless interest, and when the fine weather passed what was considered the critical point everybody was in fine fettle. Otto Grimm, who had a spark of humor stored away somewhere behind his solemn, leathern exterior, dropped into the justice's office every day now to report progress.

"I do believe, Coony," he would observe with a sly wink at Hans, "that the seasons

\$100.00 Prize Contest

(Use Coupon below)

BELOW are the 103 prize winners in the Pompeian Massage Cream contest announced in this magazine March 20th. The prizes were to be awarded for the best lines describing the merits and benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream, the most popular face cream made. Lines were to be of 10 words or less. The several thousand answers submitted form a tremendous tribute to the intelligence, cleverness and analytical powers of the American people. The judges had a most difficult task.

Many will naturally believe that their lines were better than those of prize winners. Your own line, for instance, was very likely more clever, but did not have the compelling elements to attract, interest and persuade people to recognize the merits of Pompeian. But while we regret that all can not receive prizes, still we realize that Americans are "good losers." In fact, if we should announce another contest tomorrow, 95% of these contestants would be ready and eager for another try.

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YOUR FACE

Will it Bear Close Inspection?

MEN

That clean, well-groomed look that everyone admires in a man means a clear, healthy skin. There is nothing to keep a man's skin in condition like Pompeian Massage Cream, and used after shaving it prevents soreness.

WOMEN

A sallow, rough complexion may be concealed out-of-doors by a veil; a stage "make-up" may pass at stage distance, but in the close, personal association of indoor society, only a complexion that is good can look good.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

"Don't envy a clear complexion; use Pompeian and have one"

A Pompeian complexion looks better the more closely it is inspected, for then the more its genuineness is evident; by "a Pompeian complexion" we do not mean any sort of a "patent" or artificial complexion—we mean simply a natural, healthy skin.—Pompeian Massage Cream is the natural means in aiding and restoring natural conditions in nature's own way.

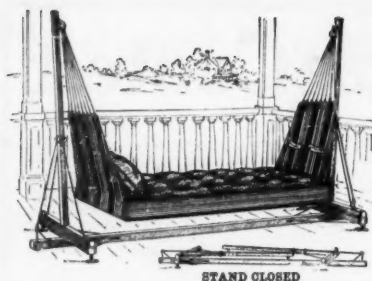
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Pompeian's mission is the removal of wrinkles and "crows-feet" and the reduction of flabbiness and double chins by making the flesh firmer and more plastic.

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Cut off Coupon NOW Before Magazine is Lost & You have been reading and hearing about Pompeian for years. You know it is the most popular face cream made, 10,000 jars being sold daily. You have meant to try it, but have not done so. This is your chance to discover what a vast difference there is between an ordinary "cold" cream and a scientifically made Massage Cream like Pompeian. Fill out the coupon to-day and prepare for a delightful surprise when you receive our quarter-ounce trial jar. A 16-page booklet on the care of the face sent with each jar. When writing enclose 6 cents in coin or stamps.

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Reversible tufted and buttoned mattress, padded both sides, in red or green denim. Supported on strong wooden frame on highest grade galvanized springs fastened to steel head and foot plates riveted to frame. Hammocks from our own exclusive fabrics in striped effects of green and white, red and white, khaki and red duck, also in solid white and solid khaki. Suspended by best quality braided rope attached at eight points.

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Pat'd Dec., 1906



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haf change back again and we be going to raise some hay in Cherry Walley once more again already."

Then, one afternoon Heine Pillersdorfer, whose meadow lay on a southern slope and always ripened before anybody else's, dropped in and announced that he expected to begin mowing the next day. He thought his crop would run two and a half tons to the acre, which ought to be worth twenty-eight dollars. The difference between this amount and the amount for which Coonrod might have had this very hay was an easy problem in mental arithmetic; and the justice, with a long face, slipped away from the office earlier than usual on the pretext of having some extra chores to do at home. As he milked the cow the setting sun painted the fleecy, fair-weather clouds a fiery red; and when he knocked out the ashes of the extra pipe he had smoked in order that he might sit up a little later and watch the sky, the stars quivered and burned almost as brilliantly as on a winter night. Coonrod sighed.

About two o'clock in the morning Louise Sprengel was awakened by a noise of some kind. Rising to her elbow she made out the tall, white-robed figure of her husband standing at the window in the act of thrusting up the shade.

"What isn't, Coonrod?" she asked. "By chinks, dere ain't a shtar to be seen!" he exclaimed. "I do believe it's going to some rain give us."

A puff of damp wind confirmed his words. Even while he watched, the murk in the heavens grew darker; and as he reluctantly returned to bed at Louise's command, there came a low growl of thunder. An hour later the rain was coming down in torrents.

It was still pouring when the cheerless, belated dawn arrived, and Sprengel had fairly to wade to the cowshed. Yet his humor was strangely good—better, in fact, than it had been for a month, and as he dried himself by the kitchen stove he whistled a few bars of Wacht am Rhein.

"I fear me we again have no hay," observed Louise as she broke three eggs—one for herself, two for her husband—into the skillet.

"I fear me, too," said Coonrod, shutting off his whistle.

He reached the office half an hour earlier than usual. Hans Dietz reached it half an hour late, a most unusual lapse for him; and as he turned down his collar and shook the water from his long, bony fingers he presented a most abject appearance.

"Hans, why so gloomy?" queried Coony. "You haf no hay. Your fadder-in-law-to-be hass, to be sure, but it iss not hurt yet. It may clear up in an hour."

It did not, though. As a matter of fact, it was five days before it cleared up definitely, and then it was a sad sight that the freshly-washed sun looked down upon. The grass in the half-submerged meadows was as prostrate as if it had been bedded on by a herd of elephants. Fully two-thirds of it was out of the reach of the best cut-throat blade ever devised.

On this first fair day Coonrod drove out to Otto Grimm's. But he did not go in, for Grimm, when he spied his old friend approaching, had deliberately turned his back to the road and stalked into the barn! Plainly the time was not yet ripe for Coony to renew his weather chat, and he returned to town.

"Hans," he observed on reaching the office, "beginning next week your salary will be eight tollars instead of six."

The astounded Hans, whose last promotion dated five years back, could scarcely stammer out his thanks.

"You haf been a good poy," continued Coonrod benevolently. "You work hardt and you haf always been to me faithful."

"Not so, Mr. Sprengel!" exclaimed the conscientious Dietz with a burst of tears. "I haf deceived you once. One day I found your wedder book on the desk and that night I took it out to Mr. Grimm."

"Yes," observed Coonrod complacently. "I come down that night about nine o'clock to lock the book up and found it gone. When I found it pack again the next morning I knew you had took it. And when Grimm came in to pay out of his contract I knew where you had took it. After that, I told one or two more about the book myself, and soon eberybody wanted to buy out of his contract. So you need not feel sorry about takin' that book. But, of course, if you efer do any-ting like that again it might not turn out so vell for me. I might have to repuke you, and maybe fire you from your chob."



ZODENTA

A PRESERVATIVE FOR THE TEETH

The condition of the teeth of the present generation is so bad as to be an indictment of our civilization. Regular use of Zodenta will change this condition, let me tell you why—

The soft cooked foods of civilization result in deficient mastication. Not enough mastication or grinding of the food between the teeth causes insufficient flow of the ptialine laden saliva and gastric juices that are necessary to digest

and liquefy the food. As a consequence, insoluble albuminous shreds lodge in the cavities and between the teeth, acid fermentation sets in and decays and discolors the teeth and taints the breath. Zodenta neutralizes these acids, arrests their destructive action and provides the detergent effect that is absent from soft foods, cooked foods and the resulting inefficient mastication.

In form Zodenta is not a powder to be wasted and spilt over everything—to be an annoyance to the clean housewife.

It is a paste or cream—economical and clean—without any defects. For Zodenta is not dirty or dark in color, but is brilliantly white. Zodenta does not petrify in its tube but remains moist and pliable. Zodenta does not disintegrate into a number of separate ingredients, such as water, chalk, wintergreen, oil, etc., but always remains the same, an inseparable definite entity.

Zodenta does not scratch the teeth because of some cellulose or woody ingredient, for there are none such in Zodenta.

Zodenta is made as no other tooth cream or paste is made. The ingredients of Zodenta are ground or milled until they can easily sift through silk.

I mix these ingredients together, then form the true inseparable combination in retorts under a temperature of from 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

Its texture is fairly like satin.

Whether under the burning sun of the Sahara or in the cold of Siberia—the soft, moist, pliable texture of Zodenta will remain always the same.

Let Me Prove My Statements

This is my fair and square offer—
If your druggist does not keep Zodenta send me 25 cents for large 2½ oz. tube, which I will mail you promptly and include free an Aluminum Tooth Brush Holder.

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Cut out the coupon in this advertisement. Take it to your dealer and he will give you a full size cake of my famous Palmolive Soap absolutely free of charge.

Take this cake home and try it. You will find it delightfully soothing and invigorating, no matter how tender your skin may be.

I believe it to be the best soap on the market, regardless of cost.

If any one in the world can offer a suggestion that will improve it, I will be glad to pay him any sum. I don't

believe it can be improved. If I did it would be even better than it is.

I have been a practical soap maker for 36 years and have embodied all my intricate soap knowledge in Palmolive Soap.

The Largest Selling Toilet Soap

Don't think that Palmolive is new on the market—millions use it.

No other soap selling in excess of 50 cakes is used by so many people.

Palmolive outsells all the rest.

Isn't the soap that pleases the most people likely to please you best? I could not lead in the number of sales unless I lead in quality.

Don't you want to try the soap that the millions prefer? You too will think Palmolive the best soap when you know what they know.

Palm Oil—Olive Oil

I use the very finest material.

I send to the Orient—10,000 miles—for palm and olive oils.

Nothing's too good for the millions who use my soap.

When one makes soap for so many he can give the most for the money—he can use palm and olive oils.

Oriental women, noted for their superb complexions, proved long ago that no other oils were even half so good for the skin.

But I employ a special process and get a perfect blend.

Thus, the beneficial effects

of these oils—in Palmolive—are multiplied many times over.

Lathers in Any Water

Try Palmolive Soap in the hardest water. See how Palmolive softens it—note what a delightful lather it makes even under uncommon conditions. Palmolive lathers in the hardest water as quickly as common soaps lather in soft.

You have never seen lather half so like velvet.

No other lather comes so willingly—no other shows such a wealth of rich quality.

That Wholesome Odor

Palmolive's dainty and wholesome fragrance comes from the materials from which it is made. Its faint but exquisite perfume blends with the odor of palm and olive, giving a delightful freshness that is most pleasing.

Palmolive's Perfect Purity

I use no artificial color—the color of Palmolive—a natural olive green—is due to the pure materials from which it is made—and due to nothing else. The soap is perfectly free from raw alkali—36 years of experience has made me the master of that "beauty thief."

The free alkali in common soap makes even a hardy skin rough and unsightly. But the tenderest and most delicate skin is kept soft and smooth with Palmolive.

Thousands of little babies would testify, if they could, to its purity.

Palmolive, while the most effective, is also the daintiest soap on the market.

The Logical Soap for All Toilet Uses

Try a shampoo with Palmolive. Note how it brings a warm glow to the scalp—see how lustrous it makes the hair.

Use it for manicuring. Observe how soft and "obedient" the cuticle becomes.

Enjoy the invigorating effect of a Palmolive bath.

No merely good soap can stand for a moment when it comes to actual comparison. That is why I am willing to buy the first cake for you. I want you to know the best soap in existence. I want you to make that comparison.

Free Palmolive Coupon

Cut out the coupon now, take it to any dealer and get a full size cake of Palmolive. It will not cost a penny.

Please compare it with other soaps—note what you gain by using Palmolive—see if you know of another soap that even approaches it.

Send for free book, "The Easy Way to Beauty."

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Tire replacements are only necessary after many thousand miles of travel—and then cost no more than for wheels of 36" diameter.

Hence the greatest possible economy is added to its luxury and efficiency.

The 1909 production of these cars has been allotted and it is probable that no present order can be delivered;—but the 1910 production will be delivered comparatively early in the season, and orders will be filled strictly according to date of receipt. Only 50 of the roadster types will be manufactured. Our branch houses and agencies will inform you as to details and first dates of delivery. Six-passenger cars and roadsters, \$4500 and \$4600.

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It is almost impossible to describe the "riding qualities" of this car, because no other car ever built compares with it in luxury. With wheels of this diameter it is as easy to turn out of a deep rut as out of a shallow car track; every small inequality of the road is levelled out for the passengers; large ones are fairly bridged over and hence hardly noticeable. We have to buy our own billets, in order to be sure of second growth hickory for the wheels.

Special molds were made for tires of this size, which give the car the greatest road resistance of any car of its weight.

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